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DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

(Number 320.)

PENMARK ABBEY.

A Nautical Melodrama,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

TOGETHER WITH

A Description of the Costumes—Cast of the Characters—Entrances
and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the
Stage—and the whole of the Stage Business.


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	M.	F.		M.	F.
141. Absent Minded, Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	3	1	124. Deaf as a Post, Ethiopian sketch....	2	
73. African Box, burlesque, 2 scenes... 5			111. Deeds of Darkness, Ethiopian extravaganza, 1 act.....	6	1
107. Africanus Bluebeard, musical Ethiopian burlesque, 1 scene.....	6	2	139. Desperate Situation (A), farce, 1 sc. 5	2	
113. Ambition, farce, 2 scenes.....	7		50. Draft (The), sketch, 2 scenes.....	6	
133. Awful Plot (An) Ethiopian farce, 1a. 3	1		64. Dutchman's Ghost, 1 scene.....	4	1
43. Baby Elephant, sketch, 2 scenes....	7	1	95. Dutch Justice, laughable sketch, 1 scene.....	11	
42. Bad Whiskey, Irish sketch, 1 scene. 2	1		67. Editor's Troubles, farce, 1 scene... 6		
79. Barney's Courtship, musical interlude, 1 act.....	1	2	4. Eh? What is it? sketch.....	4	1
40. Big Mistake, sketch, 1 scene.....	4		136. Election Day, Ethiopian farce, 2 sc. 6	1	
6. Black Chap from Whitechapel, Negro piece.....	4		93. Elopement (The), farce, 2 scenes... 4	1	
10. Black Chemist, sketch, 1 scene....	3		53. Excise Trials, sketch, 1 scene.....	10	1
11. Black-Ey'd William, sketch, 2 scenes 4	1		25. Fellow that Looks like Me, interlude, 1 scene	2	1
146. Black Forrest (The), Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	2	1	88. First Night (The), Dutch farce, 1 act 4	2	
110. Black Magician (De), Ethiopian comicality.....	4	2	51. Fisherman's Luck, sketch, 1 scene. 2		
126. Black Statue (The), Negro farce... 4	2		152. Fun in a Cooper's Shop, Ethiopian sketch.....	6	
127. Blinks and Jinks, Ethiopian sketch. 3	1		106. Gambrinus, King of Lager Beer, Ethiopian burlesque, 2 scenes... 8	1	
128. Bobolino, the Black Bandit, Ethiopian musical farce, 1 act.....	2	1	83. German Emigrant (The), sketch, 1 sc. 2	2	
120. Body Snatchers (The), Negro sketch, 2 scenes.	3	1	77. Getting Square on the Call Boy, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
78. Bogus Indian, sketch, 4 scenes....	5	2	17. Ghost (The), Sketch, 1 act.....	2	
89. Bogus Talking Machine (The), farce, 1 scene.....	4		58. Ghost in a Pawn Shop, sketch, 1 sc. 4		
24. Bruised and Cured, sketch, 1 scene. 2			31. Glycerine Oil, sketch, 2 scenes....	3	
108. Charge of the Hash Brigade, comic Irish musical sketch.....	2	2	20. Going for the Cup, interlude.....	4	
143. Christmas Eve in the South, Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	6	2	82. Good Night's Rest, sketch, 1 scene. 3		
35. Coal Heaver's Revenge, Negro sketch, 1 scene.....	6		130. Go and get Tight, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	6	
112. Coming Man (The), Ethiopian sketch, 2 scenes.....	3	1	86. Gripsack, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
41. Cremation, sketch, 2 scenes.....	8	1	70. Guide to the Stage, sketch.....	3	
144. Crowded Hotel (The), sketch, 1 sc. 4	1		61. Happy Couple, 1 scene.....	2	1
140. Cupid's Frolics, sketch, 1 scene....	5	1	142. Happy Uncle Rufus, Ethiopian musical sketch, 1 scene..	1	1
12. Daguerreotypes, sketch, 1 scene....	3		23. Hard Times, extravaganza, 1 scene. 5	1	
53. Damon and Pythias, burlesque, 2 sc. 5	1		118. Helen's Funny Babies, burlesque, 1 act.....	6	
63. Darkey's Stratagem, sketch, 1 scene 3	1		3. Hemmed In, sketch.....	3	1
131. Darkey Sleep Walker (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	3	1	48. High Jack, the Heeler, sketch, 1 sc. 6		
			68. Hippothetatron, sketch.....	9	
			150. How to Pay the Rent, farce, 1 scene 6		
			71. In and Out, sketch, 1 scene.....	2	
			123. Intelligence Office (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2	1

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Never Before in English.

PENMARK ABBEY.

A NAUTICAL MELODRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

BY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.*

Translated from the Original French,

BY

HENRY LLEWELLYN WILLIAMS.

TOGETHER WITH

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF
THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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*NOTE.—After W. M. Thackeray had lost his patrimony in the fruitless attempt to found the London *Constitutional* newspaper, he returned to Paris, where he had a host of friends among literary and artistic devotees, chiefly of the *Romantiques* school. He sought to support himself by pen and pencil; but his handling of the latter was mediocre, and he was driven to employ the other implement to carve out fortune. Paris has always been distinguished for three remarkable classes; printers, publishers and theatrical managers, who afford a channel for rising talent, particularly if their own vanity be flattered. Hence, Thackeray at once found an opening for the Melodrama (much in the vein of Douglas Jerrold's naval pieces) at the minor theatre of the St. Antoine Gate, in the most popular quarter, whose director, Pierre Tournemine, a Bohemian of letters in a mild way, would put anything on his little stage, on condition that he would be named as the author's co-worker. But the reader will see that nothing at all of a foreign hand interpolated lines in a work so full of English spirit, fervent love of 'longshore life, and perfectly pure love, filial and maidenly; it is to be regretted, therefore, that Thackeray found no encouragement in England as a playwright, when he obtained his due position. But, until Mr. Boucicault broke the fetters, an English dramatist was the London managers ill fed, contemned slave.—[*The Translator*.]

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

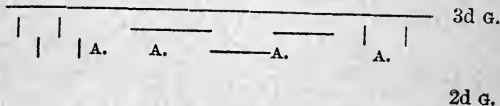
Theatre de la Porte St. Antoine,
Paris, Feb. 1st, 1840.

JAQUES PERQUIN, formerly a privateersman, not to say pirate,	M. David.	Heavy Lead.
MONKTON, Captain in the Royal Navy,	" Vorbel.	Character.
CALEB, a young fisherman,	" Edmond.	Juv. Lead.
GRIFFIELD, Recorder of Douarnenez, and confidential man to Meriadac,	" Savigny,	Old Man.
MERIADAC, a rich landholder and Mayor of the Township,	" Charles,	2d Old Man.
"SQUIRREL," first-class boy in the preventive service,	" Calonna,	Low Comedy.
BELGRIP, his uncle, a coastguardsman,	" Treveys,	2d Heavy.
TOM, a smuggler,	" Marchaisse,	Resp. Utility.
ALICE, known as Perquin's daughter,	Mlle Marie,	Lead.
SQUIVIDAN, } fishermen,		
TREFFAGEL, }		
CASLEUR, }		
FILEX, } coastguards.		{ Utility.

FISHERMEN and FISHERGIRLS, SMUGGLERS, CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICERS, COAST-GUARDSMEN, VILLAGERS.

SCENERY.

ACT 1ST.—No change. A fisherman's tavern on a rocky sea-coast, in Brittany, at the extreme point of Finisterre, with a distant view of the ocean, in 3d grooves. Sun setting amid approaching storm; dark at finale.



Tavern
Front

D.
C.
D.

B.

*E

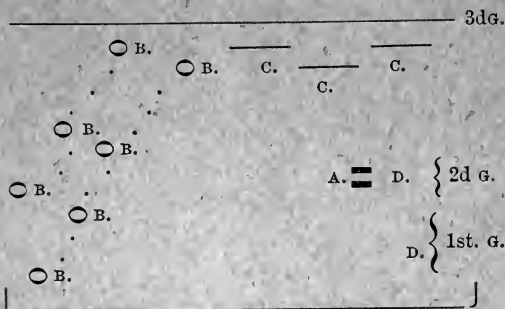
1st g.

On flat, view of sea, only clear in the distance: middle distance, full of all shapes of rocks. A. A. A. set profile rocks, many colored, covered with oysters and weeds.

Sky sinks; rock wings, or of spars, partly draped with sails and cordage: a net on a reel, up L. C. L. the front, with wide opening of a Barn, B., decorated with a female saint's statue in plaster, flags, flowers, cut paper, tapers, tinsel, rudely yet with some taste. R. the front of a simple cottage-tavern, with window and practicable door: swinging sign of a defaced crowned female head, and words "St. Anne, the Sailor's Safeguard." Before it a long table C., and two benches D. D. Stools E. E. Casks, oars, etc., grouped R. and L. proscenium entrance.

ACT 2ND. No change. Ancient Cemetery of the Ruined Abbey of Penmark, with the Abbey ruins R., in 3d grooves. Cloudy moonlight night, with storm effects.

12-39256



On flat. view of the stormy sea among foam-crested rocks, and the coast trending off to both sides. A. a set old weeping-willow, with fragments of carved masonry at its base; the upper portion of a ruined gallery and pulpit stairs lead to it coming from L. U. E., by which an entrance is made; a stone seat at the tree, with monster carved heads. B. B. B., more or less ruined pillars of a cloister, roofless, ivy grown, high weeds and grass at the base, and plants in crannies. C. C. C., set profile rocks. Heaps of fallen stones. D. D., fallen stones at base of the massive columns, which are the wings. Sky sinks and borders of broken arches.

ACT 3RD.—No change. Hall in Meriadec's house, in 3rd grooves. Doors R. and L. 1 E.; L. 2 or 3 E. large bay window, curtained, opening on a balcony over the rocks by the sea. Folding-doors, C. in F., open on a corridor. Table, chairs. Early day.

COSTUMES.

Period of 1830—40. French and English much the same thing for the superior characters; and Breton for the Villagers and Seamen.

PERQUIN.—Breton fisherman's dress; sailor's save that the breeches are baggy like the smugglers in "Black-Eyed Susan;" woolen cap or glazed hat.

MONKTON.—Gentleman's suit; cane.

CALEB.—Like Perquin; same as comic young hero in "Chimes of Normandy;" a pea-jacket.

GRIFFIELD.—Brown and black suit; wig, grey; face lined to express cunning and prudence; snuff-box.

MERIADEC.—Country gentleman's dress; cane.

SQUIRREL.—French sailor, loose trousers, red sash round waist, blue jacket with crown-and-anchor buttons; around low-crowned hat, gilt letters "H(is) M(ajesty's) P(reventive) S(ervice)" on blue ribbon round hat; cutlass, pair of pistols; shoes.

BELGRIP.—Blue suit, gilt buttons, weapons, bearded round; sash; belts; boots, cap.

TREFFAGEL and SQUVIDAN, same as Caleb.

TOM.—Smuggler's dress; like Raikes, in "Black-Eyed Susan."

SMUGGLERS, like TOM; PEASANTS, Breton dress; FISHERMEN, like Caleb; Two FOOTMEN in plain livery; COASTGUARDS, like SQUIRREL.

ALICE.—Pretty peasant attire; very little jewelry.

PEASANT GIRLS and FISHER LASSIES, fanciful Breton.

SYNOPSIS.

It is St. Anne's, a gala day at the fishing village, near the ruins of Penmark Abbey. MONKTON, an English naval captain, and a friend of Mayor MERIADEC, has just arrived and contributed funds. PERQUIN, the inn-keeper, has a lovely daughter ALICE. She is loved by CALEB, a young fisherman, but her avaricious father will not consent to the marriage unless CALEB can give three thousand francs. This is an utter impossibility. The mirth, music and dancing goes on apace. To a part of the people it is known that PERQUIN is a smuggler, and has been worse.

While a young fellow, SQUIRREL, amuses himself and the company wittily at the expense of SQUIVIDAN, MERIADEC is gravely telling MONKTON of the suicides and murders, which have made the Abbey shunned at night. MONKTON wagers that he could find a girl even, that would dare all dangers, and return with a bough of a haunted willow tree. MERIADEC accepts the bet, and MONKTON says he will give three thousand francs, if he wins, to the person obtaining the branch. ALICE jumps at the chance to get the coveted dowry. The amusements go on; and at their height ALICE, starts, spite of a furious storm, threatening.

In the next act CALEB is moving cautiously about the Abbey grounds by dim light from a lantern. He throws off coat and hat, as he drops on a ruined stone seat, and argues with himself that nothing would have induced him to consent to aid PERQUIN, but his love for ALICE. After a pistol shot is heard, PERQUIN enters, with pistol in hand. A violent altercation takes place between PERQUIN, who has slain BELGRIP, and the startled CALEB. The latter consents, most reluctantly, to aid PERQUIN in throwing the body of BELGRIP over into the sea; and in going off takes his coat; but leaves his hat. ALICE meets them, leaning over the body, and though, at first she faints with horror; on recovering she determines to denounce the murderers. As she leans swooningly against a pillar, the custom house officers and SQUIRREL enter; and CALEB approaches for his hat. As SQUIRREL knows him, he is not suspected, and goes off. PERQUIN runs up to him, and forcibly hauls him off, through a secret gallery. MERIADEC and MONKTON arrive at the Abbey in search of ALICE, and just after BELGRIP'S body is brought on, a scream is heard, and MONKTON receives ALICE in his arms. She tells what she has seen and hands the hat she has found, in it is the knot of ribbons she herself had pinned in CALEB'S. She faints.

In the third act PERQUIN learns that Captain MONKTON is at hand. An examination takes place. CALEB is accused, and as he acknowledges that he helped remove BELGRIP'S body, and will not reveal the name of the murderer, even ALICE is forced to give him up. But PERQUIN, reveals to MONKTON that he, himself, was the real murderer, and also informs M. that Alice is his (M's.) daughter, and explains why and how he gained possession of her. PERQUIN is shot, by TOM, while escaping. CALEB'S innocence is proven; and Captain MONKTON places the hand of ALICE in that of CALEB.

TIME OF PLAYING—TWO HOURS.

PROPERTIES.

Act 1st.—Purse of coin; decorations, floral, and other rustic notions: jug and bottle of wine, glasses; cross and locket on necklace for ALICE; basket of different colored rosettes, with pins attached; colored lights to burn, L. 1. E.; lightning, thunder.


Act 2nd.—Thunder, lightning, rain; lanterns, torches, paper in wallet; twig of willow-tree to break off.

Act 3rd.—Writing materials, quills, sand; lamps; pocket book and memorandum book with pencil for MONKTON; pistol to shoot; the locket on ALICE'S neck to open.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre. D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. D. F. Left door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E. First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First, Second or Third Groove.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

 The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

PENMARK ABBEY.

ACT I.—*Tavern of St. Anne, for Fishermen, at Douarnenez, Brittany. Discover FISHERMEN, and VILLAGERS of both sexes, old and young, completing the decorations on the barn L., around a plaster statue of St. Anne. Religious music, pianissimo. Music, lively.*

Enter THE SQUIRREL, L. 1 E., skipping.

SQUIVIDAN. Hillo! here comes the Squirrel!

ALL. (*joyously*) The Squirrel! hurrah!

SQUIRREL. Ha, ha! I've finished before ye all! (R. C.)

SQUIV. So you ought!

SQUIRREL. What! build an orchestra?

TREFFAGEL. Oh, lay two planks on a couple of barrels!

SQUIRREL. But I had to get the planks—out of Miser Pegooren's yard, and he's no sloth! and the dust out of the barrels all but choked me! (C.) However, it comes into my day's work to shift barrels—as I am a deputy-revenue-officer, and we have to poke our noses into every cask! it is only when they are butter and wine that the probe is worth licking.

SQUIV. Bah! It's all profit in your honorable calling. (L. C.)

SQUIRREL. All profit? Do you reckon the drubbing and mauling the smugglers give us as profit? to say nothing of pistol-shots?

TREFF. What's that to you? you never touch the soup when there is any peppering.

SQUIRREL. Right you are! When there is any dangerous expedition on, I am a rare chap—that is, I make myself scarce. (*Laughs.*)

SQUIV. Then this explains why you are so kind as to help us on with the saint's festival! There's a rub with the free-traders! (*using a hammer to nail up a trailing bough, and hits SQUIRREL.*)

SQUIRREL. You have—oh! hit it! (*rubs his head*) Do I make a concealment of it? Now you will say it is "funk."

ALL. Aye, aye!

SQUIRREL. No, it's prudence! (*brings ALL down C. F.*) I tell you what: there is no little matter in question, if what I have heard is true. We of the preventive service have got the job to pounce upon a score—no, two score—bah, more like two hundred smugglers, who will fight like five hundred devils, as soon as they land their goods among the rocks at Penmark Point, near the Old Abbey Ruins. I calculate I should have sixty-five devils to tackle single-handed—you grin, but I'd like to see any of you tackling three-score-and-a-half of

sea-devils. Grand! who says it's grand? let him go to all the devils! Let my uncle Belgrip go—he is the revenue-guards lieutenant, and besides his rank, the rankest beggar for bravery ever you saw—I grant that; but I am not brave—and I am not entitled to a lieutenant's pension if I am brained.

TREFF. Only the widow gets the pension, ass.

SQUIRREL. I have no widow, goose.

SQUIV. You'll never get a wife, being such a coward.

ALL THE WOMEN. No, no, no! (*laugh.*)

SQUIRREL. Why, you would all be glad to marry me! nobody but a coward is afraid of a woman, so they make the true sort of husbands.

SQUIV. What do you mean by that? (*threatens SQUIRREL.*)

SQUIRREL. Nothing! only I saw Ma'am Squividan at the Stone Cross, looking for you, and if you are found here hanging up flags with that coquette Trifina—(*slaps one hand on the other loudly*)—you tumble? or rather you will tumble.

ALL (*laugh.*) Ha, ha!

SQUIV. (*sullenly*) If I thought you—

SQUIRREL. Oh, I don't mean anything. I should go round by the priest's meadow, and be indoors before her, that's all. (*follows SQUIVIDAN.*) If the old cat comes and only sees me a-dancing with Trifine, it will look serener, wont it, eh?

SQUIV. (*shaking his fists.*) I'll make you look sea-green, you oaf! (*pushes SQUIRREL, and runs off, L. U. E.*)

ALL (*laugh.*) Ha, ha!

SQUIRREL (*comes down, chucks a fisher-girl under the chin.*)—Sea-green for serene! He's had no learning, poor clown.

TREFF. I'm rather of your way o' thinking. Why should those get their sconces cracked who do not care whether the State wins or loses by the brandy and tobacco.

SQUIRREL. I like to fill my pipe cheap.

THE MEN. Aye!

TREFF. I'll wager that among those men that you paint so black, there are some good enough fellows, who only joined the crew because the pilchards shun our coast. Mayor Mariadec is very kind, but we are not at all lucky here, in Douarnenez, and the man that depends on his net is not sure of a full mouth every day.

SQUIRREL, (*aside.*) What do I learn? Why the lot o' them are tainted with the same plague! I've put my foot into it, and am lucky to get it out without losing a toe. (*Aloud.*) Oh, if you are quite through over there, why not have a glass, at my expense?

TREFF. I don't mind, for one! The Squirrel is a good sort, mates.

ALL come to SQUIRREL and slap his back, shake hands, etc. The WOMEN go up, chatting.

SQUIRREL, (*nervously.*) And the fishers are a sort of good sort, too. I am proud to be their friend. (*Strikes table R.*) House, there! hal-loa! wine and tumblers! Let me see, the ladies do not drink? (*The WOMEN toss their heads offended*) Then I invite you to take—(*they look at him smiling*)—your hook. Heave, cut and run—scape! (*throws up his hands like driving poultry*) Shoo! women and idlers, away! (*Exeunt WOMEN L. U. E. laughing.*) Now, then, Jacques, look alive with the liquor!

ALL (*banging table.*) The liquors ahoy!

Enter ALICE, R. D. ALL salute respectfully.

ALICE. What a dreadful racket!

SQUIRREL (*softly*.) The pretty Alice! (*aloud*.) I treat the crew!

(ALICE gets glasses and jug, and the fishers and villagers help themselves,)

Bless us, this is not a gay dress; yet the dance comes on in an hour.

(R. C.)

ALICE. (R. *front*.) I am not thinking of balls; I am in too much trouble!

SQUIRREL. If it is as great as you put others into, Lor'! how I pity you. Is the sweetheart on the deep blue sea?

ALICE. No, but Father Jacques has refused to accept him as my betrothed, just because he cannot find three thousand miserable francs.

SQUIRREL. Is that all? In your place, and in Caleb's place, hanged if I wouldn't do without it.

TREFF. (*drinking*.) Without the money?

SQUIRREL. No! without the papa's consent. Couldn't do it without the shiners.

ALICE. And worse than that—a graver cause for affliction—my father has been out fishing these three days.

SQUIRREL. And the wind a sea-breeze. Whew! that is queer. (*aside. They wink at one another.*) Now, I wonder if the old chap does not fish other things than sardines? He was a privateersman, and a pirate and smuggler are only variations in that trade.

ALICE. It was stormy last night, and I am all of a tremble—

TREFF. Pshaw! there's nothing to kill a fly for, Mamselle. Father Jacques is an old tar, who knows this here sea like the road to his own pocket; and he swims, yea very like a shark. I'll wager what you like that if he were to split on a rock full ten leagues off thereaway, he'd turn up here without as much water shipped as you put in your grog. Some squall took him round the point, and there he is beating up.

ALICE. You are very good, but last night when it was calm all over Audierne Bay, I could see nothing—nothing at all.

SQUIRREL. You never go for to say that you climbed the rocks to have a night peep at the Bay, Mamselle? (*gets a glass.*)

ALICE. Why not? What have I to fear? (*They shake their heads*) All the stuff you repeat because the Old Abbey Cemetery is there?

SQUIRREL. It is the stuff that I don't stomach like this stuff. (*drinks*) I would not go there.

TREFF. Nor I!

ALL. Not I; nor I!

ALICE. What! Not even if you were in my position? Not even if your father—(*tearfully*)—then you do not know what it is to fear for the existence of your only parent. (*wipes her eyes.*)

SQUIRREL. Come, come, little lady, never you worry. Whoever heard of any bad luck befalling us on St. Anne's day—a holiday, a jolly day? Master Jacques will come in to the feed, if no sooner, which the Mayor bounteously provides, as safe and sound as a new tub—

ALICE. I would I could hope as much. It would make me quite happy. You are right about our kind patron-saint; She will protect those we pray for sincerely; and I have prayed so long and heartily. (*sighs.*)

Enter GRIFFILD, R. U. E. He comes down R. C. They take off their hats to him.

GRIFF. Eh, eh! What's that rubbish about praying?

SQUIRREL. Oh! here we have Monsieur Griffild, the Mayor's right hand man, his *factetotum*, as the landsmen say.

GRIFF. My compliments, friends, on your set-out. (C. to ALICE) Bless me is this a time for a pretty maid to weep her eyes red? tut, tut! (*takes snuff.*)

TREFF. Oh, Monsieur, it is only her dad's absence that frets the girl.

GRIFF. Pooh! (*aside*) and frets me too, if the facts were out. I only hope that this run again, he will slip from under the heavy hand of that steadfast Belgrip. (*aloud*) It's all very proper to be daughterly and affectionate, my good girl, but there's no sense in undue fears—not a bit of sense; not one bit!

TREFF. Monsieur is quite right.

ALL (*murmur in approval*) Right you are.

GRIFF. But it would be downright grief to lose the trade you ought to do this blessed St. Anne's day—for you know very well we shall have a rich visitor—

TREFF. The Englishman?

GRIFF. (*snuffing*) The rich Englishman and naval officer, Monkton, who comes here once a year to mourn at the tombs he erected, one to the memory of his wife that was washed ashore yonder on Douarnenez strand, fifteen years or so ago, the day after the mighty storm which brought down the better part of what was standing of Penmark Abbey; and the other to the memory of his two daughters, infant victims of the same disaster, whom the sea will not place under its marble lid, I fear me, until all things give up their dead. There's no better man.

SQUIRREL. You may well say so, M. Griffild; for he's all the time betting—betting on this, or that, and everything that turns up, from the winning red card or the winning red nose of Pollar there. (*a FISHERMAN menaces SQUIRREL, while the others laugh.*)

ALICE. Indeed he is good and generous; and he has been particularly kind to me.

SQUIRREL. These English are gallant! They never cross a woman in any way.

ALICE. (*smiling*) But they do!

SQUIRREL. No!

ALICE. Yes! (*holds up necklace pendant.*) this is a cross he brought me over from London the last time.

SQUIRREL. Oh! gold! I like that kind of crosses. (*admires it.*)

GRIFF. He came over yesterday. Now, mark how happy is his return among us. Faithful to his mania for laying wagers on every imaginable topic, he put down fifteen hundred francs against the like sum of M. Meriadec's, that blow fair, blow foul, run currents with or counter, he would anchor his yacht in Audierne Bay, hour for hour, and day for day, twelve months after his weighing it in.

SQUIRREL. Ah! I hope he kept his word.

GRIFF. To the minute!

SQUIRREL. Then we'll keep the money.

TREFF. You mean we'll spend it; eh, Alice?

GRIFF. And he hands the stake over to ye all to celebrate the day becomingly.

ALL. Hurrah!

GRIFF. (*Aside to ALICE*) You see that a good part of the British gold ought to juggle on your bar. (*rubs his hands.* So, take my advice, whilst you are awaiting good news of Father Jacques, and to

make him forget his fatigues when he does land, pile in the money, ha, ha! pile it in! *To the men.*) Now, then, lads, who's coming along with me to finger the money I mentioned?

ALL. Hurrah, for the Englishman! Long life to Mayor Meriadec! *(going up.)*

ALICE. It's good practical advice of yours, M. Griffild, and I shall bow to it. But if the tears I hide were in the wine I shall serve out, what a complaint there would be of the liquor being weakened by salt water. *(smiles.)* Must one often smile when one is discontented? Ah, I am much too sad to wear smiles now. *(turns R.)*

GRIFF. *(aside)* I agree with our pretty philosopher, for I have to don the false face of indifference while I am quaking lest my little venture may be falling at this anxious moment into the maw of those custom-house sharks! *(going up.)*

SQUIRREL. You won't have to go a long voyage, mates, for there come Mayor Meriadec and the good Englishman.

Music. Enter R. U. E. M. MERIADEC and CAPTAIN MONKTON, arm-in-arm. They come down.

ALL. Our Mayor forever! long life to your honor!

MERIADEC. That's all very hearty friends but I reckon I owe your congratulations to my noble friend, whose latest liberal act Griffild must have told you. *(playfully threatens GRIFFILD with his cane.)* Take then, the money which I have not regretfully lost and that given you, and let it be shared with those upon this list. *(TREFFAGEL takes purse of coin and a paper.)* Oh, Griffild, any tidings yet of the expedition against those smugglers? *(the FISHERS divide the money; one exits with the bag part full, L. U. E.)*

GRIFF. Not yet! But those poor, misguided men will catch it severely, if our bold Belgrip overtakes them. May Providence speed him *(aside)* so that he'll break his neck in his haste. *(aloud)* When your worship shall have cleared this point of Finistere of the scourge, the government will have nothing more to exact of you in claim of the Legion of Honor!

SQUIRREL. That's handsomely put. *(ALICE goes out and in R. D., serving the MEN, who drink profusely.)* I wish every mother's son spoke his mind out as freely.

GRIFF. My young friend, I am not so disinterested in my preaching as you suppose, perhaps; I am a commercial man, and as smuggling is detrimental to trade, I am bound to express my opinion that these rogues must be crushed out—ground out fine as—as—

MONKTON. *(drily, taking a pinch of GRIFFILD'S snuff)* as the real Cuban snuff. Yes, the real thing! *(reflectively)* I'll wager that that never paid duty. *(GRIFFILD, horrified, puts box on table.)*

ALL. Ha, ha, ha!

MERIADEC. There are no takers!

MONKTON. Not of the bet. *(the men empty GRIFFILD'S box among them, passing it along till it comes back whence they got it, and is placed there open and upside down)* Only takers of snuff.

MERIADEC *(to MONKTON.)* Your laws even assimilate such rascals with highway robbers.

MONKTON. Yes; and you so stern and rigid, you approve. But our soft-hearted M. GRIFFILD—he, now, I lay, does not want them hanged.

GRIFF. N—n—no! *(aside)* When I retire hang me, indeed, if I choose England.

SQUIRREL. (*aside*) What a funny man. Now, I imagined the English were no jokers.

MONKTON. (*seeing* ALICE R.) Oh, here is my little pet. Upon my word, little no longer. I could believe you had grown by the head taller in one year; eh, MERIADEC? You need not blush so deep. Married, eh, married?

ALICE. (*curtseying*) No, Captain.

MERIADEC. But she has made her choice for it, one we all compliment her upon; for there is not an honest, handsomer fellow 'tween sea and sky than Caleb, the fisher. But this old curmudgeon Perquin cares little for sighs and oglings; and the happiness of the two sweethearts depends on the little "yes" which they cannot extract from him.

SQUIRREL. (*aside*) Price of the "yes" three thousand francs. I'd yes all my breath away for half.

MONKTON. Perquin?

MERIADEC. Father Jacques.

MONKTON. Oh, Father Jacques. Let me see: you spoke of the man before. I think you said he was an old Napoleonic soldier——

MERIADEC. Sailor——

MONKTON. Yes, yes; a corsair, a privateersman; You excited my curiosity, and thrice I tried to see him, but he was absent. It's my own craft, so I like to hear the yarns these rovers spin over their grog. This time, I hope to share a jorum with him.

ALICE. That will be a source of much pride to us, captain.

MONKTON. And when I drink and talk the old sea porcupine in good humor, never fear but I'll try to be useful to you.

MERIADEC. That's right, befriend the deserving lassie. You are going on sixty——

MONKTON. Only fifty-three, you old Methusalem! but still (*becoming grave*) my daughters would not have been far from your age had they lived—(*turns away*) not even their remains to sleep beside my beloved Matilda.

SQUIRREL. (*aside*) He weeps! somehow I like that Englishman more because he can shed a tear, than because he laughs so heartily.

Explosion off at a distance, R. General surprise. All go up and look off up R. some upon rocks, etc.

MERIADEC. What is that, boys? surely no ship-of-war is saluting poor little Douarnenez?

MONKTON. Has no one a spyglass? There's nothing to be seen. I ought to know from having trod a three-decker, that not even a thirty-six pounder could make such a report. I am ready to back my words——It's a vessel blown up.

MERIADEC. The explosion would have been louder, of a man-of-war.

MONKTON. I never said a man-of-war. Perhaps it is some smuggler's craft, chased into an inlet, and sent sky-high in order to save her from the preventives.

MERIADEC. It is likely, and yet——

MONKTON. I'll make you a bet that——

MERIADEC. You are capable of bribing the smugglers to spoil their brig in that fashion.

MONKTON. Ha, ha, ha!

GRIFF. (*forced laugh*) Ha, ha, ha!

MONKTON. Do you take?

GRIFF. No, thanks.

SQUIRREL. From the lighthouse one might get a squirt. (*pointing off* R. U. E.)

MONKTON. That's superfluous with your eyes as they are. Never mind—let's be off there! hold! give me ten paces, and, zounds! I'll lay ten guineas I'll be at the beacon before the youngest of you. (*ex-eunt ALL but ALICE; MERIADEC and GRIFFILD last.* R. U. E.)

GRIFF. (*up, returns for his snuff box. Aside, as he goes up again.*) Surely Jacques is not the fool to spoil a valuable cargo with that nasty hasty gunpowder. (*finds no snuff in the box as he mechanically dips, and closes it with an angry snap.* Exit R. U. E.)

ALICE. (*alone, comes down.*) That thunder went to my heart; and yet, I know not how it is—since the English captain came, I am less in distress—I even feel a secret confidence. He has promised to see father, and if he only could induce him.

Enter CALEB L. PROS. E.

ALICE. Caleb! strange as it may be, I could not feel easier if I had been expecting the stranger as a harbinger of happiness.

CALEB. (*embracing her.*) How inattentive you are, my dear Alice.

ALICE. (*pouting.*) Oh, so I am your dear Alice again, am I! You have been a long time making up your lips to say "my dear Alice." I have been alone and in deep trouble all the long day—

CALEB. (*absently.*) I am very sorry, but I was engaged—

ALICE. Oh, I know you are engaged.

CALEB. Without joking, a serious affair as ever—

ALICE. Secrets! from me! but I, sir, am more trusting, I tell you everything. Oh, Caleb, you remember that English naval officer, the friend of our mayor, who comes over every year and makes everybody presents, who gave me this? (*touches the cross*) Well, he's come. (*claps her hands*) And, but now, before Mayor Meriadec who was saying a lot of nice things about you, which you do not deserve, he promised to forward our marriage—

CALEB. (*aside.*) Our marriage?

ALICE. He is going to talk to father and then—

CALEB. (*quickly.*) Your father. The very man I must see—*crossing R.*

ALICE. He has not come back. (*CALEB turns.*) But I hope he will not delay. Come (*goes to him*) secret for secret—I have told you mine—what's yours?

CALEB. Yours was gladsome. (*sighs*) But mine—(*pauses*) It would only afflict you.

ALICE. Oh, what can it be? speak, I prithee. (*puts her hands on his arms and looks up in his face pleadingly.*)

CALEB. (*hesitatingly.*) Well, you have heard, like all the village, that of late the landings of smuggled goods have increased in number on our coast? (*she nods, unconcerned.*) The justly alarmed authorities have ordered the sternest repression. A reinforcement to our little crew of coast-guards was sent under an active commander from Brest; many of our townsmen who are suspected of conniving in the clandestine traffic, are under espial, and this very morning early a war-entter left port to cruise along our coast to ferret out the guilty knaves.

ALICE. Queen Anne's dead. Everybody says as much. Why should we care?

CALEB. I am made to care. In these blameable speculations takes part a man with whom I am connected——

ALICE. Ah! (*interested.*)

CALEB. Whom I like——

ALICE. How dreadful.

CALEB. The public voice murmurs against him, but till I watched him, I doubted there were telling proofs. My relations with him and the lonely position of my humble cot too near the isolated spot which the ocean thieves chose for their head quarters, leave me no doubt that I shall be entangled like an eel in the line. So I have made up my mind to quit the country, fearing all the time that my departure will accuse me, and heart-sore at having to leave you forever; for our wedding henceforth could never be.

ALICE. Our wedding impossible! What dreadful idea is this? Answer me, Caleb! have you joined hands with these bad men in the hope to earn the money which my father fixed as the price of my hand? You have not yourself to blame as well as they?

CALEB. (*quickly.*) If you can think——

ALICE. No! no! I do not undervalue you. Let me see; you should——no! you must——ah! yes, go to Mayor Meriadec—tell him what you have seen and know, and act on his advice.

CALEB. (*quickly.*) That would be denunciation—and of one, who I repeat, is my mate, my friend.

ALICE. So friendship is a mightier thing than love in your bosom? Do you prefer his safety to your honor?

CALEB. My honor forbids a dastardly deed. All I can promise you is to take no course until to-morrow; during the rejoicings, my fevered brain may be excited into suggesting some way out of the rocky channel. And meanwhile this father of yours will surely be home and he is the man I should like a hint from——

ALICE. That seems proper. (*turns to go.*)

CALEB. Going? I shall see you anon, my love. (*sadly.*)

ALICE. The saint whose day this is, protect us. (*exit R. D.*)

[*Sad Music.*]

CALEB. (*sits disconsolately at table.*) Yes, see her soon again—or, see her no more.

JACQUES PERQUIN and TOM appear at back, climbing up over the rocks. They are blackened, their clothes torn, no hats, and TOM, wounded, is supported by the others.

PERQUIN. We've done them. We're in port. (*at c. stops, seeing CALEB*) Hush! Caleb!

CALEB. (*turns.*) Good morning, Master Jacques. (*gravely.*)

PERQUIN. (*helps TOM to bench, where he leaves him to get himself a glass of liquor out of the jug.*) Good morning, we are dead beat.

CALEB. Tom looks bad at all events.

PERQUIN. What are you drinking? (*catches up the jug wrathfully*) that's wash not fit for my mates. Tell my girl that I want some gin—the best. (*exit CALEB R. D.*) Come, cheer up, old one; well you know that if anybody thinks you have a bullet in you, it will draw suspicions on us.

TOM, (*with an effort.*) Take it easy. I may be made mincemeat, and then not a bit will betray my messmates—you least of all, to whom I am bounden. How you sent that lubber flying that gave me

this lump of lead. It will take a gallon of spirit to supply the blood I'm drained of, (*puts his hands to his breast.*)

PERQUIN. Hold hard, bully! (*takes off his neckerchief and puts it to Tom's wound.*)

Enter ALICE and CALEB, with bottle, R. D. ALICE runs and embraces PERQUIN.

ALICE. Father! home! how glad I am to see you! (*CALEB puts the bottle before TOM and looks at him steadily.*)

PERQUIN. Another buss; that will do; now sheer off. (*CALEB beckon mysteriously.*)

ALICE. Ye—es, father. (*puzzled, sighs, exit R. D.*)

PERQUIN *pours out two glassfulls from the bottle, gives TOM one, drinks, helps TOM to drink.*) There you are; hell-fire, that; I see—it will make my merry devil of old of you, anew. Finish the bumper—your cot is only two skips of a breadworm off—get you in and sleep this off. (*sees CALEB, frowns. Pours him out a glass.*) What, sitting mumchance? Don't you drink? (*CALEB shakes his head.*)

TOM rises with an effort, but reels.

CALEB. He cannot walk alone. Tom, lean on me—I'll see you housed.

TOM. Thank'ee. I'd take the yard-arm that was to hang me, now. (*Goes L. on CALEB'S arm. PERQUIN follows moodily.*)

CALEB. Don't you come. Stay here; I have a word for you. (*Exit with TOM, L. PROS. E.*)

PERQUIN. What does the young spark mean? (*c.*) He can't mean anything fouler than has burst upon us like a black squall, bearing away all before it. Caught by surprise, beaten like dogs, scattered as the mist by a summer sun! and in one day all I possessed, lost—whiff! blasted to nothing! If any of the confounded custom house officers remarked us sea-birds, we will be plucked and caged as jail-birds in a few days. Woe to the eyes that recognized Jacques Perquin for one—for I vow I will blight them, and I have given my proofs that I make no vain vows! Ha! (*looks L.*) only Caleb.

Enter CALEB, L. PROS. E.

So you want to gabble in my ear, younker. Let slip, but cut the yarn short. I suppose it is the same thread—this here marriage with my girl—but you know, I say—

CALEB. (*coldly.*) You say three thousand francs is the ransom of her hand. Tush! I have but to stretch out this hand of mine (*the one next to PERQUIN, which he extends*) to lay it on double!

PERQUIN. (*surprised, distrustful.*) How's that?

CALEB. (*in a lower tone.*) They would count down to me not six, but ten thousand francs, and 'count it cheap, if I named the chief of the contraband traders whom the rocks of Audierne harbor; if I told them how I have watched them, marked him last night—

PERQUIN. (*half draws a dagger.*) Silence!

CALEB. But, instead of going to them I have come to him, instead of betraying him to the hunter. I tell him: These vague suspicions which hover over you like fog may fall in a deluge of certainty. Cut free for once and all from the scum whose contact stains you. Give up a shameful traffic. Renounce the gold dishon-

orably gained; and if in your old age, strength fails to win your food, Caleb will labor to support and nourish you.

PERQUIN. The finish of your speech makes me forget the sugarless pill; but know that any other would have paid with his life for this knowledge of my inmost secret. I do not even require your pledge of silence, for your love for Alice sets me at ease on that point. But you must do me a service: in this mornings attack, out of my crew, twelve all told, eight have gone to the bottom plumb; two I believe, swam to shelter, and, with my wounded bo's'n Tom I had to put off in a boat, and row out of reach of the devils in blue and crown-buttons. Behind me they seized my rich cargo and burnt my lugger. May all the fiends in those flames—but there's no time for mouthings. Still we did land some goods overnight, (*chuckling*) there are casks and bales inside Penmark Point. Now, this night, I want you to lend a hand to hide them along o' the rest safe in one of the Abbey vaults. Safe—for, owing to superstition and the sights and noises former visitors and ourselves have shown the villagers, the refuge is sure.

CALEB. Help you? Now if I had your oath that you would no more——

PERQUIN. Never again! (*aside*) till this blows over; this breeze will die out ere I fan it to a tempest.

CALEB. That being understood; however against the grain the task is, Alice's father may rely on me.

PERQUIN. You're a trump! Meet me at midnight in the Abbey——

CALEB. In Penmark Abbey? aye!

Exit PERQUIN R. D., *exit* CALEB L. PROS. E. *Confused merry music.*

Enter R. U. E. BELGRIP, REVENUE OFFICERS, SQUIRREL, FISHERMEN, TREFFALGEL; *enter* L. U. E. VILLAGERS, GRIFFIELD, *etc.*
Some sit at table, and ALICE, called out, attends to them.

GRIFF. Oh, its all very well, Master Belgrip, for you to play modest, but I'll maintain that you have done a famous deed. (*aside*) He certainly has done me out a pretty penny. (*aloud*) you will go down to posterity like a hero. (*aside*) I wish you had gone up to the stars like a sky rocket.

SQUIRREL. What a rousing thing a good fight must be! when you are ten to one, and are armed to the teeth, and the other fellows have no arms, or legs, or teeth.

BELGRIP. You have made good use of your legs, nephew! they allowed you to admire us at a distance.

SQUIRREL. You are a nice loving uncle, to want to drag a pretty fellow like me into a squabble, where I might have put my shoulder out, or had my eye put out, or lost my tongue if I had put that out! no, thank you—(*drinks*) not any fight to flavor my punch, uncle!

BELGRIP. Coward! Do you look forward to promotion in the revenue service with such principles?

SQUIRREL. Why not? a man may serve his country, his colors, and his arm of the service without being cut to pieces. For instance, there you were—we all know what you are in a row. You shut your eyes and rush into the thick of it like a bull! and much you see of the fun. Now, if I had been in the melee—I mean on the edge of it—behind a mast, or a tree, or a rock—a mountain or a forest—why. I should have kept my eyes open. I should have marked down the smugglers that escaped, and whom you will not know again——

BELGRIP. There's something in that——

SQUIRREL. Not in that, though. (*retakes his glass*) Give my brave uncle a full cup.

BELGRIP. I am afraid I shall not recognize the rascals who levanted—unless it is that leader—I fancy I might remember him.

GRIFF. (*Aside*) Dash his memory! he makes every bone in me squeal like an æolian harp! (*his teeth chatter against his glass.*)

SQUIRREL. (*getting BELGRIP to look at the FISHERMEN at table.*) Do you think any of them are there?

BELGRIP. I'll have a peep at them. (*crosses R.*)

Enter MONKTON and MERIADEC, R.

MONKTON (*to MERIADEC.*) There, I hope you'll believe me another time; they are still good legs under me.

MERIADEC. I have lost against you again.

GRIFF. (*draws ALICE down R. aside to her.*) Has not your father returned?

ALICE. Oh, yes; but not long ago.

MERIADEC (*to BELGRIP.*) Lieutenant, I shall write to-night to the prefect on the success of your dash at the fraudulent traders, and on your fine behaviour. (*shakes hands.*) Receive my felicitations, in advance of his, meanwhile.

BELGRIP. I have only done my duty, Mayor; and if you want to please me I wish you would put off the writing till to-morrow.

MERIADEC. To-morrow! why should good news be delayed?

BELGRIP. In order to send better. This victory will not be complete till we capture the leader, or, at least, some of the principals—active or allied; informed that these scamps haunt the neighborhood of Penmark Abbey, I am going to keep my men under arms all night, and with my nephew to guide me I shall beat the bushes thoroughly.

MERIADEC. Your plan is ingenious, Lieutenant!

GRIFF. (*aside.*) His ingenuity is a nuisance; but I shall forewarn Jacques.

SQUIRREL. What's that you say nunkey! Going near the Abbey after dark; and stick me at the head of the squad to guide you. You will have to excuse me from running my head against tombstones.

MONKTON. Come, come, Master Squirrel; it's all very well to joke, but bravery is hereditary in your family. (*GRIFFILD cautiously exits R. D.*)

SQUIRREL. CAPTAIN, we are a brave family; but I have been on a milk diet lately and have no more vivacity than an oyster; besides, you are a stranger and do not know what an awful place the old Abbey is.

MONKTON. Indeed?

SQUIRREL. (*appealing to ALL.*) I say, lads, here's the British captain asking me if the old Abbey is awful or not? Don't we see spectres dancing there? fires buzzing around the old weeping willow, you know? and often you hear a sepulchral voice saying, boh—oh—oh!

MONKTON. That's what they say to geese.

BELGRIP. Pooh! old wives tales.

SQUIRREL. There's no old wives here; they are all young maids or widows. Is it not so?

ALL. Yes.

SQUIRREL. The ruins are chockfull of a bad sort of spirits that come forth at midnight and re-enact the crimes for which they are

doomed to caper every night. There is no man here that would dare to go to them after dusk——

ALL. None——

SQUIRREL. Except Squividan.

ALL. Ah!

SQUIRREL. This is Squividan, Captain; our bravest villager—bow to the captain, our bravest villager!—and he would go—if he were assured his wife would never follow him.

ALL *laugh*; SQUIVIDAN *follows SQUIRREL round the table*; SQUIRREL, *the second time, leaps on the bench, and so steps on table, crosses it, and gets down on the other side. In trying to imitate him, SQUIVIDAN falls across the table; they all beat him.*

MONKTON. Amusing fables. (L. FRONT.)

MERIADEC. I agree, my dear Monkton; but it is quite true that several crimes and suicides have taken place in those ruins, and hence they are so dreaded that, except our intrepid Belgrip, there is no man in Douarnenez, who could be bribed to venture.

SQUIRREL. That's a certainty.

MONKTON. You are libelling your fellows. I am ready to wager a thousand francs (if only to prove that your girls would never smile on the cowardly), that I could find a man—nay, a girl, even, to go alone this very night to this dreaded place, and, in token of her adventures bear us back a bough of the willow-tree, spoken of.

MERIADEC. You would lose.

MONKTON. Then 'tis a fine chance for taking your revenge. If you consent, I'll triple the stakes.

MERIADEC. Done! (*they shake hands*) Who's the champion?

MONKTON. I'll give the sum to whoever wins it for me.

SEVERAL VOICES. Three thousand! that's a lump!

ALICE. (*aside*.) Just what father required of Caleb.

SQUIRREL. Don't all speak at once; he don't ask for an army.

ALICE. (*aside*.) With that money, we could wed to-morrow, and he need not leave me.

MERIADEC (*to MONKTON*.) This time, you are out of luck.

MONKTON. They do not budge. (*Fixes his look on ALICE*.) Did you speak, Alice?

ALL. ALICE?

ALICE. (*firmly*.) I'll go, sir.

MONKTON. And very wise of you. That's your marriage portion hanging on the willow-tree. You will not have to sing "Willow!" like the maid in one of our plays that you never saw. What do you say now M. MERIADEC?

MERIADEC. She has not yet started.

ALICE. Oh, I shall go, Mayor!

SQUIRREL. Let a woman beat you! who is not your wife! fie!

MONKTON. Friends, not a word of this beyond ourselves. It will not be fair to let any one know, who might detain her or influence her. And now, how about this merry-making? I believe these pretty partners are twitching their toes for the dance.

ALL. The dance!

BELGRIP. Oh, the fiddlers are coming! But if your honor wants amusement, let him linger a moment. My nephew can't fight—but he can sing. Squirrel, let's have that pathetic comic lay of "Little Billee!"

ALL. Ay—"Little Billee!"

Music.

SQUIRREL. (*drinks, sings:*)

LITTLE BILLEE.*

There were three sailors in Bristol City,
Who took a boat and went to sea,
There was Guzzling Jack, and Gorging Jimmy,
And the youngest he was Little Bil-lee.
Now very soon says Jim to Jacky:
"We have no wittles, so we must eat **WE!**"
Says Guzzling Jack to Gorging Jimmy:
"O Gorging Jim, what a fool you be!
There's Little Bill, as is young and tender;
We're old and tough; so let's eat **HE!**"
When Billee heard this intimation,
He fell a-down on his bended knee;
He scarce had said his catechism,
When up he jumps; "There's land, I see,
There's the r'yal fleet a-riding at anchor,
With the full-togged Admiral, K. C. B.!"
So when they came to the Admiral's vessel,
He hanged first Jack, and flogged Jim-mee;
But as for Little Bill, he made him
The captain of a seventy-three!

Laughter, clinking of glasses, cheers. Enter FIDDLERS and BAGPIPERS, with VILLAGERS. Stage gradually dark. A SERVANT brings MERIADEC a basket of rosettes.

MERIADEC. Come, young ladies, you know that the custom of the day is that each of you should choose one of these knots of ribbons to bedeck the hat of the man she loves. (*Business of the GIRLS selecting rosettes and pinning them on hats, etc. Enter GRIFFIELD R. D. He goes and sits by BELGRIP, and gets him to drink deeply, R.*)

ALICE (*taking a green cockade and fastening it upon CALEB's hat.*) To my CALEB this gage of my constant love. (*aside to him*) Come to me early to-morrow to hear great good news.

CALEB. What do you mean? (*she lays her finger on her lips.*)

Illumination, L. 1. E. The Musicians exeunt, L. 1. E. Prelude of a dance heard there.

ALL. Dance! the dance! (*going L.*)

MONKTON (*to ALICE.*) No retreat. (*ALICE laughs confidently.*)

[* Founded on a popular French students' and studio song, "Il y avait un petit navire," of the kind called *seres* because they can be extended indefinitely and require no better music than a saw-filer makes. Thackeray tried to keep it out of print, but Mr. Bevan, the American artist, gave it to the public.]

(*Aside.*) she's the pluck of a true English girl. (*He goes with all but CALEB, L. and off L. 1. E. Storm faintly heard. Exit CALEB L. PROS. E. ALICE stops and returns along front to C. slowly. PERQUIN enters cautiously R. D., and hides under the table from ALICE.*)

ALICE. A dark night, that's in my favor. Rain threatening; I'll wrap up snugly and be off upon my errand. Caleb will be mine! (*exit R. D.*)

[*Music. Storm.*]

PERQUIN (*comes down.*) Curse that Belgrip! I cannot doubt now that he had a good look at me; and I have everything to fear from such a dog. It is a lucky thing Griffild revealed his plans to me, so that I can baffle him. Hark! (*distant lightning.*) A storm, but he's not the man I take him for if a wet jacket will take the fire out of him! He expects to meet me at Penmark, does he? maybe he will, then we'll see who'll come off best this time. (*exits over rocks up stage.*)

Joyous music and laughter L. Long dull thunder-peals. Enter ALICE in a black cloak, R. D. crossing up.

ALICE. My father is making merry with the rest, of course. His absence will serve me well. (*goes up. Flash of lightning. She recoils.*) For love. (*goes up again, exit L. U. E.*)

CURTAIN (*quick.*)

ACT II.

SCENE—*No change. Cemetery of the ruined Abbey of Penmark. Cloudy, moonlight night; storm, with thunder and lightning.*

Melancholy Music. Lights down. Distant thunder rolls; noise of gusty wind.

Enter CALEB, R. He has a dark lantern, and moves about cautiously.

CALEB. Not a soul a-stir; and yet it is the time Perquin assigned for the meeting. Perhaps he has lingered to show himself at the dances and so lull suspicions. I'll wait. (*Puts down the lantern, throws off his jacket, which he has worn over his shoulders, and, as if heated, puts his hat on the coat, passes his hand across his forehead, and takes seat on the bench.*) If it were not for my dear Alice, far from me the thought to help her father here to hide the evidence of his crime. How strange the effects of passion. PERQUIN's conduct ought to make me shun his daughter; but methinks she only becomes the dearer to me, spite of my reasoning—spite of the guilty avowal that leaves me no hopeful doubt. She has so much to fear, and would stand alone if CALEB steered aloof, like a heartless skipper from a wreck hanging out the inverted flag in distress. (*rises.*) I can't say I much trust PERQUIN's promise. What I am doing for him will give me the right to claim his daughter, though it may entangle me; yet it may, also, remove the

suspicious and prevent the troubles I foresee. It annuls the condition he set, any way; and I am more than ever resolved to take her afar, if she becomes my wife. (*pacing a few steps and turning as a FISHERMAN walks—"two steps and a turn" on account of the smallness of the deck he is accustomed to tread.*) My determination my mood accords with the mysterious words spoken by ALICE when she gave me that knot of ribbons. Uneasy about his own fate, PERQUIN thinks of his daughter's too, and consents at last to a union that is necessary. (C.) Hark! nothing! well, let's hope—(*Pistol shot L. Crosses L.*) Good heavens! a gunshot in this lonely place; at midnight hour. Can it be PERQUIN already in flight, hunted, discovered!

Enter PERQUIN, L., with a pistol in his hand, hanging, discharged; he is in disorder.

CALEB. My man! in what a state! (*comes after PERQUIN, R. C. and stays him.*) Jacques, whither are you flying? what's your haste?

PERQUIN (*recovering calmness.*) CALEB, is it you alone? are you sure you are alone?

CALEB. (*quickly.*) Quite! but let me know was that shot fired at you! are you in peril? why don't you get out a word?

PERQUIN. (*grimly.*) Don't be alarmed, the preventive sharks are not afloat; and, besides, there's their leader will not answer to the muster-call.

CALEB. (*quickly.*) What do you mean?

PERQUIN. (*in a lower tone.*) Only that our grand revenue lieutenant won't cap his morning's triumph.

CALEB. Am I to believe——?

PERQUIN. He blew the spirit out of my lugger—I've made it even by blowing the spirit out of his hull.

CALEB. Murder? (*in horror.*) He's been killing a man!

PERQUIN. My vengeance and my safety bade me do it. He had recognized me in the hope to catch me among my crew, in the hope he pushed on ahead alone; he set his "grabs" to beat the bushes hereabouts to-night; but—half a minute, let's overhaul his wallet—(*opens a leather book on the bench and examines the papers therein by the lantern light.*) Ha! (*takes up one paper joyfully.*) A good thing I emptied his pocket. Look at that. His report of taking the lugger. Now, here goes, soon after him, the only proof against me to destruction.

CALEB. (*dismayed.*) But your victim's disappearance (*PERQUIN lights the paper at the lantern.*)—the stir this will make.—Your agitation.

PERQUIN. (*burning the paper.*) I shall be calm, cool as an iceberg now. (*stamps on the last bit of the paper.*) Who fears?

CALEB. (*in despair.*) What curse was on me to bring me here this night?

PERQUIN. A curse, that is a blessing in disguise, don't it give you my Alice?

CALEB. Alice! It is devilish clever of you to remind me that she is your daughter, and that her fair fame depends on yours. If attachment for her made me keep silent about a fault that would have taken you to prison—you may rely that I shall be dumb everlasting upon a crime that would drag you to the scaffold——

PERQUIN. (*aghast.*) The scaffold!

CALEB. Alice! our wedding altar on a scaffold! Alice, mine thus. I have the strength to make the sacrifice for her, and well should I deserve the meed—but, d'ye see; I refuse her. If I hold my peace

upon you, man, I should share your shame; the hand of no such angel should be the price of a dastard deed. (*crosses down R. front and returns.*)

PERQUIN. Tut! your conscience is too tender; the blood has not splashed on you. Besides, who will show you up? Not I! and unless the dead—come, you don't believe the dead come back to tell the thief taken, do 'ee? do 'ee, lad?

CALEB. No; the dead are dumb. But a dead body need not speak to accuse the slayer. Often has the slightest straw pointed how the wind blew, and one single drop of blood has indicated the murderer.

PERQUIN (*examines his clothes with the lantern, nervously.*) Nonsense. (*examines his hands.*) How can the blood spatter so far? No, no, no marks! but, I'm glad you gave me the hint—that corpse must go under—launched off the cliffs—Come, bear a hand, my lad.

CALEB. (*horrified.*) Lend these my hands to thee for such a job!

PERQUIN. We've the like in interest sending it out of sight, I take it. Alice! Rouse—follow me. (*goes L.*)

CALEB. (*gloomily.*) I am his mate, in being Alice's mate. Yes, true—we'll haul together. (*takes up his coat, leaving the hat.*)

PERQUIN. Or swing together. (*forces a laugh. Takes the lantern.*)

[*Music, melancholy.*

They exeunt L.

Stage clear. Wind, rain dashing fitfully. Flash of lightning.

Enter ALICE R. U. E. Thunder.

ALICE. (*coming down.*) What dreadful weather! (*The thunder bursts and rolls a long time, fainter and fainter.*) After this I shall plume myself on being one of the pluckiest lassies in all the village. But twenty times I came to a stop, and hesitated to make my way, for, though the paths along the cliffs is a short cut, I was really frightened by the rollers breaking in the hollows under my feet; the gnarled rocks that take such fanciful shapes; the roar of the storm—to say nothing of those smugglers that, they say haunt the shore as the ghosts do this Abbey. And was that a gun's flash, or only the lightning that I saw? I must have fancied that, for all is quiet here—quiet as the grave. Well I have run the course—let me hasten to secure the palm—I mean the willow bough. (*groping.*) The tree stands—no—somewhere hereabouts—yes, I have the bench. Right. (*mounts the bench, and breaks a twig off the tree. Lightning, thunder.*) Silly gods of the forest; I am not stealing mistletoe. (*jumps down playfully.*) I am so happy now. (*hugs the branch.*) And how happy Caleb will be when, in a few hours, he will see that nothing will prevent our wedding, for I have the wedding-portion. Hush! (*looks L.*)

[*Sad music, rolling thunder.*

Enter L. 1. E. CALEB and PERQUIN, carrying body of BELGRIP, wrapped in a cloak between them. PERQUIN holds the lantern by its ring in his teeth.

ALICE. Who's there! ah! the dead! (*screams in fright, drops the bough, and falls by the tree, wrapping her cloak around her head as she comes down.*)

PERQUIN. (*drops the feet of BELGRIP.*) What the devil's that?

CALEB. I heard a voice. (*places BELGRIP up L. a little on stones.*)

PERQUIN. Some spy. (*draws his cutlass and goes up, R. C.*) A woman.

ALICE rises, horrified. He seizes her hand, drags her up and swings her round, out at arms' length so as to strike her, when she bites his hand, and he releases her. She staggers R.

PERQUIN. (*in pain.*) Zounds! (*runs at ALICE, but CALEB runs in between.*)

CALEB. No second murder!

PERQUIN. Let me! it will ensure the first.

CALEB. (*as ALICE falls in a swoon, muffled up, against column, R.*) No, you shall not; besides, look ye; it's a waste of wickedness; she's scared to death. (*He mechanically supports her, and lowers gently to the stones, when her mantle draws off her face. He rises with uneasy surprise.*) It looks like — but, nay, that cannot be. (*pushes PERQUIN aside furiously, and gets lantern, which he brings over, to look at ALICE.*) Alice! oh heavens! (*drops lantern stupefied.*)

PERQUIN. Alice! Why should she come—what fiend brought her here at this time?

CALEB. (*moodily.*) Did finger of the fiend beckon her, or hand of Heaven?

PERQUIN. Her confounded screaming—yes. (*listening.*) Don't you hear? (*goes up.*) Voices through the rain! That's the preventives coming to meet their chief. You must look alive, lad, if we're going to give them the slip. (*swish of rain, gustily.*)

CALEB. But Alice?

PERQUIN. The other burden is our cargo! if they see that—(*crosses L.*)

CALEB. Though what I suffer for her showed on my face and justified their seizing me I shall return, to her. (*he helps PERQUIN to carry BELGRIP up stage where they exeunt among the rocks.*)

(*Voices, softly calling to one another off R.*) Hey! hillo! hoy!

ALICE. (*rises, pale, trembling.*) Did I see the spectres of those monks—gliding out of their ancient graves—(*staggers.*) no, those were men of our kind—(*C.*) two, bearing a third inanimate between them—some victim of assassins. The storm muffled their voices, the darkness mantled their faces. But the same heavenly power which preserved me from their strokes, has done so, who can doubt, that I may punish the perpetrators of hideous crime. I will pursue them—(*sets her foot on CALEB's hat.*) I will—what's this? (*takes up hat.*) an evidence against the murderers; woe to the wicked now. My powers fail me; yet I must not die here. (*totters up R. to the pillar, supporting herself weakly.*) Or fall into their hands. (*exit between pillars.*)

Enter SQUIRREL and CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS R. 1. R. He pushes them before him, and keeps between two of them.

SQUIRREL. Come on, my lads; take the cue from me, boys. Cut them down! Why, we've frightened them all away! Do you spy none o' them? (*aside.*) I doubt they do—if they have come along like me with their eyes shut for an hour. (*aloud.*) I hope that uncle of

mine has not been gulfed up by some yawning tomb; devoured by a phantom. Why, boys, we are in the midst of the Old Abbey Cemetery. There's the shaking tree where Alice ought to come all alone—if she had as much pluck as me. You see I am here! (*slaps the tree—a branch whips round and hits him in the face. They laugh.*) It's an enchanted tree; now, where are all these smugglers? there's nothing but owls—bats—toads and (*lifting his feet.*) vipers.

CABLEUR. Hold your row!

FILEUX. Only the wind.

SQUIRREL. The wind does not wear hobnails, and I heard steps on a stone. (*aside.*) Ghosts of the monks—no, not in clouted shoes. (*aloud*) Now to distinguish ourselves. Let me show you how to catch—(*sneezes.*)

CABLEUR. A cold?

SQUIRREL. No, no—(*sneezes.*) smugglers! Lie close—and be awfully quiet. (*The PREVENTIVES conceal themselves.*)

CALEB. (*climbs over rocks at back, and comes down looking for his hat.*) My hat's blown off! or, did I forget it here? (C.) and let me see if Alice—(*to the tree.*)

SQUIRREL. One man—and we are many; so there's no danger. (*comes out, pistol and cutlass in hand.*) Stand!

CALEB. (*receding.*) Heavens! discovered.

SQUIRREL. For the second time, throw down your arms! I shan't keep calling out surrender all night.

CALEB. (*aside.*) The revenue officers. (*aloud.*) Hold hard! it's only Caleb the fisher, whose cottage is yonder by the flare.

SQUIRREL. You've saved yourself from a terrible death. I was just going to let you have it. It's all right; he's the man.

CALEB. Coming through the ruins on my way home from the dance, my hat blew off. Have any of you seen a hat?

SQUIRREL. We are not after hats, so much as heads—heads with a price on 'em, eh, mates?

CALEB. (*looking.*) No signs of it; and Alice is gone.

SQUIRREL. (*to PREVENTIVES.*) 'Lor love, ye, I see through the hole in the millstone. He's come along with the girl, to take the prize, and to-morrow the village will think she did it alone. It's a good trick.

CALEB. Do you say you have not seen it?

SQUIRREL. Ha, ha, my joker! Yes we've—found all we want to know; you can sheer off—we know where to find you when we want you.

CALEB. (*aside.*) He makes me tremble. (*aloud.*) But, Squirrel, I assure you—

SQUIRREL. Mum! till to-morrow, any how! (*aside to PREVENTIVES.*) I'll leave the chap on the gridiron. (*aloud.*) But enough backing and filling, lads; scatter out and let's find my uncle, though all the spirits have the hiding of him. (*they go up and exeunt over rocks at back.*)

CALEB. "Mum till to-morrow." What does he mean? Has he seen Alice, and does he know the mystery attached to her presence here? or, rather, am I already suspected of complicity in Perquin's shameful trade? To-morrow! If that murder comes out! Oh, innocent though I am, what suffering is mine! (*desperately*) And yet, unless I mean to hang him, can I denounce the father of my poor blighted sweetheart?

Enter PERQUIN, at back.

PERQUIN. Just missed me. (*comes down.*) And you 'scaped, too! found it?

CALEB. No, my hat's gone.

PERQUIN. Where's the lass?

CALEB. Gone, too, and the preventives did not seem to have met her.

PERRUIN. Have you been in their grip?

CALEB. They were in ambush here, and surrounded me.

PERQUIN. It looks like all the devils were leagued against us.

CALEB. What has happened now that's so new and terrible?

PERQUIN. All that's damnable! Have I not only, by a narrow squeak, eluded them? Their presence spoils the only hope of stowing my goods under hatches off the rocks. Look! the beach is alive with torches—there's a bonfire on Gullet Head. It's a regular hunt that's up. We must cut and run, for they're about some move too deep for me; and it will be fatal to fall into it.

CALEB. We'll not dally here—it's an ill-omened spot. (*looking up stage*) But they are thick there—(*turning R.*)

PERQUIN. That's as bad; but at the mouth of that gallery is a secret issue known to the old rat alone. (*chuckling.*)

CALEB. We are lost!

PERQUIN. (*dragging him up.*) We'll not be found, you mean. (*exit with CALEB, in the stone gallery.*)

Enter FISHERMEN with torches and lanterns R., followed by MONKTON and MERIADEC.

Lights half up. Red fire, faint, R. U. E.

MERIADEC. I cry a halt here. It is good place for Griffild and the rest to join us after casting their sweep round.

MONKTON. (*uneasy.*) Can you imagine a sound reason for that girl's absence?

MERIADEC. I keep telling you that she and Caleb must be together, sheltered from the storm—

MONKTON. She's not come home—

MERIADEC. And she's not at Caleb's hut;—I am quite at a loss—

MONKTON. You cannot gauge my concern; think that I decoyed the poor child into this strait with my nonsensical wager. How I repent—but where is that old tree which suggested the scheme—

MERIADEC. (*pointing.*) We are under its whip-like branches.

MONKTON. Would they had lashed me a round dozen, before I led her—see! (*A FISHER holds up a torch.*) a broken bough—the sap still running. Alice has been here; now what misfortune—

Enter GRIFFILD and FISHERS and VILLAGERS with torches and lights L.

[*Lights up.*]

MONKTON. Have you found her?

GRIFF. Not a trace, sir. But here comes the squad of preventive officers.

Enter SQUIRREL and PREVENTIVES at back.

SQUIRREL. Here they are; now, then—(*getting behind PREVENTIVES.*) Eh! (*comes out.*) the mayor; and friends; a little more and we'll make mince of you.

MERIADEC. What's this to-do, boy?

SQUIRREL. A pretty to-do; the place is full of magic and witchery. When we spied you, you looked like smugglers, and lo! you are only honest folk. But worse remains behind—between the reefs of the Monk's Leap, we have found the body——

MONKTON. That poor child's body?

SQUIRREL. Child? he's no child! a man's——

Three PREVENTIVES bring down the body of BELGRIP, uncloaked, to (C.) on the beach. Emotion.

MERIADEC. Belgrip!

SQUIRREL. Uncle!

GRIFF. (*aside.*) The preventive laid low! Jacques has passed here! (*Scream of ALICE in gallery.*) Help!

ALL. What's that?

[*Confusion.*]

SQUIRREL. They're after me now! All the brave stock will go.

MONKTON. Who calls?

ALICE, in great affright, comes out of the gallery.

ALICE. Save me, save me!

MERIADEC. Alice!

MONKTON. (*receives ALICE in his arms.*) Cease your alarm; friends are around you.

ALICE. The dead; the sea has given up the dead; and cast it here, where he was slain.

MERIADEC. She saw the crime.

ALICE. Indeed, I did; at least, I marked the murderers bear that poor victim here on the way to a watery grave. And then again, in that cold corridor, I thought they hunted me and I fled lest they sought the proof I held against them.

ALL. The proof?

ALICE. (*holds up the hat.*) Behold! from one of the assassins. (*MERIADEC takes the hat. Suddenly.*) Oh! that knot of ribbons. It is—it is Caleb's! ah! (*falls in a swoon.*)

MERIADEC points to the gallery. The PREVENTIVES climb into it. MONKTON looks down sadly at ALICE at his feet, clasping his hands.

SQUIRREL. (*pushing the PREVENTIVES.*) That's the style cheerily, cheerily! don't leave one head upon another.

CURTAIN on Picture, quick.

ACT III.

SCENE.—No change. Hall in MERIADEC's house, in 3. grooves.

Early morning. Candles lit or lamps.

Discover GRIFFILD directing two FOOTMEN to arrange lights on table, etc.

GRIFF. (*putting papers on table near the writing materials.*) That will do nicely. Large as this room is, I doubt if it will hold all the curious mob who have been up all night after the festival to learn the upshot of this dreadful occurrence. Well the mayor will soon learn by his examination. (*Exeunt the FOOTMEN, L.*) There is something dark under Caleb's being accused of Belgrip's murder—The only man who can clear that up is Perquin, and I have sent a trusty knave for him. May he come in time for me to school him that we may keep our skirts clean.

Enter SQUIRREL D. F, with a handkerchief to his eyes, weeping.

GRIFF. Ah, here comes our nimble and cautious young friend the Squirrel; no longer a lively Squirrel,—sincerely do I condole with you.

SQUIRREL. (*shakes his hand.*) Very much obliged to you for the sympathy—

GRIFF. It's so natural; we both mourn a man to whom the whole township is under obligation—(*aside.*) Confound him for a spoil-sport. (*aloud.*) By his craft and courage, we'd in a little time have been free from those rascally smugglers; we shall have to make short work of the scoundrel whom we caught for carrying out their plot against him. He looks an honest fellow, and we all imagined him so, but none the less, if he do not prove as clear as the day that he is as white as snow, we shall hand him over to the hangman. (*takes snuff*)

SQUIRREL. You do me proud, Master Griffild, though I very well know that hanging this cruel rogue will not restore my mother's own brother. (*tearfully.*) I know that I never loved my heroic uncle so much as until now that I have lost him—(*weeps.*)

GRIFF. Have you lost anything else by him?

SQUIRREL. Eh?

GRIFF. Did he not make you his heir?

SQUIRREL. (*sobbing.*) So—so he d—did.

GRIFF. Ah, well, this is a vale and we must all go—where he is, he is better off.

SQUIRREL. May be he is! amen! He was well off here, though! (*proudly.*) Besides his berth, he had a hundred and thirty pounds a year, and his clothes; poor old boy I am grieved he's gone; but you'll see what a showy funeral he shall have.

GRIFF. (*aside.*) My cousin is our undertaker. (*aloud.*) A most commendable resolve.

SQUIRREL. And I shall not stay in the wretched—dangerous—profession which cost him his life; not I; it would perpetually remind

me how he went off. I have sent in my resignation; but in my distress I forget what I come for—is that prisoner safe?

GRIFF. (*points R. I. E.*) He is locked up there. Only one window, barred, over the garden. Quite secure.

SQUIRREL. (*pointing L.*) Where does that lead?

GRIFF. To stairs to the lobby—the mayor has the key.

SQUIRREL. For precaution's sake I'll post a sentry there, as well. (*points up C.*) My uncle's death shall be paid for smartly, you'll see. If they'd only let me at that villain with a forty-pounder. (*sobbing.*) Poor old nunkey.

GRIFF. Be a man.

SQUIRREL. (*takes his hand.*) I will try—but it's mighty hard. I was so fond of my uncle—(*Going up, handkerchief to eyes, he runs against JACQUES PERQUIN who enters D. F. SQUIRREL'S pretended grief changes to a cry of real pain.*) Aah! Eh, the fisherman here?

GRIFF. (*quickly.*) I dare say he is uneasy about his daughter——

SQUIRREL. Ah! he would be; oo, oo! (*exit D. F.*)

GRIFF. Come at last, eh? You must know in order to guide you——

PERQUIN. (*impatently.*) Come to the point, you screech owl of bad luck; don't you see that you are sucking me into the whirlpool here? When the weather's dirty and the rising gale whistles, there's no safety but an open sea. Out with it, my lawyer, what is the fact?

GRIFF. They have taken Caleb.

PERQUIN. That's no news. What lies alongside o' him?

GRIFF. Do you know they call him Belgrip's murderer?

PERQUIN. They do? whew! well; if he pays for me they'll not want my head.

GRIFF. But he will tell of you——

PERQUIN. What's the use? that will not save him, and he loves my girl too well.

GRIFF. Then she's a nice one to denounce him, rather.

PERQUIN. You lie! Did she recognize us—or him alone?

GRIFF. Neither of you; but she produced a link that binds you to the crime—a hat picked up of the blunderhead you chose for mate.

PERQUIN. Chose! chance gave me his assistance. I could have worried through alone. Now how came this about?

GRIFF. A beastly mishap; she went to lop off a bough of the haunted willow, to win three thousand francs, a wager between Mayor Meriadec and a rich Englishman named Monkton——

PERQUIN. (*very quickly.*) You don't say Captain Monkton—is he here?

GRIFF. Too much here; spoiling the villagers with gifts; but you will see him before——

PERQUIN. (*with suppressed anger.*) See him? no—Monkton's a man to shun.

GRIFF. Any body would think you had fallen out with him at some period. Have you?

PERQUIN. Mind your own affairs. You cannot “squeeze” me. What have you to acquaint me with? Say on.

GRIFF. You have got yourself in a hobble. When they were hunting for Alice, they knocked at your door first thing—and you were out. You must excuse that absence.

PERQUIN. A lie the more. Go on.

GRIFF. It's too long a story: your connection with Caleb, his attachment for your daughter, the doubt, in consequence of his good repute, that he was alone in the tragedy——

PERQUIN. How many strands in your yarn, you old rascal?

GRIFF. To avert suspicion, you must act boldly. As they brought your daughter in a swoon to Mayor Meriadec's, say you came for her. Your calmness must deceive the lot, even Caleb, whom I have a scheme to deliver. In short, to speak your tongue, if, now you have the course laid down, you keep it closely, we shall come out into smooth water.

PERQUIN. The plan's well enough, and I see that the fear of your being wound up with us has brightened your wits. Pull up your heart, man. I am not the fool to run my neck into the loop more than the next man. You have passed in victuals, mate, and if we have to fight for it, you'll see that I'll blow myself up rather than drag my mates down with me. But no foul play, man; for wherever you bestow yourself after any double dealing, I'll hunt you up though you creep into a whale and I have to drive a harpoon through the blubber to pierce your white liver. (GRIFFILD *recedes to the table.*)

GRIFF. How can you think it? (*aside.*) a pleasant partuer I have; an old sea-wolf. (*sits, terrified; writes on a slip of paper which he rolls up and hides in his hand.*)

PERQUIN. (*aside.*) In the same waters as Monkton again; will the meeting turn out well or ill for me? pooh! one never knows whether he can clear the bar, till he slides over.

Enter SQUIRREL D. F., followed by CALEB guarded by four PREVENTIVES.

SQUIRREL. The mayor is coming; M. Griffild knows what's to be done with the prisoner.

GRIFFILD *nods and opens R. I. E. D.* SQUIRREL *goes up and posts two PREVENTIVES without at D. F. and exits with the others.* D. F. *closes.*

CALEB. (*starts out of deep thought.*) Jacques! how right were my forebodings.

GRIFF. Silence! you'll be overheard.

PERQUIN. I tell you I would—

CALEB. (*in a lower voice.*) No; have no fear. I shall never forget that Alice owes her life to you.

PERQUIN. (*aside.*) If I owe mine to you, that will be good enough.

GRIFF. (*leading CALEB R.*) Read this paper and follow its advice—I am a friend to Jacques. (*finger on lips.*)

Exit CALEB R. I. E. D., which GRIFFILD closes. D. F. opens: PREVENTIVES, SQUIRREL, MERIADEC, MONKTON, GENDARMES, VILLAGERS, FISHERMEN and WOMEN. They form picture. MERIADEC and MONKTON take seats at table.

GRIFF. (*aside.*) It's all very well for Perquin to rely on the lad, but I take sounder precautions for silence. (*sits at table. He beckons slyly to TOM, who comes with several FISHERS, and stands near him.*)

PERQUIN. (*L. F. eyes MONKTON. aside*) That deep-set eye and wrinkled brow attest that he has suffered even as much as I desired; but why do I feel at the sight of my enemy more pity than anger? My hate is not yet quenched; not yet.

MERIADEC. Jacques Perquin, you must know what sad event cut short the merry-making?

PERQUIN. I have heard something of it, mayor.

MERIADEC. Were you aware that your daughter meant to go to the Abbey last night?

GRIFF. (*aside*) Will he smell the trap?

PERQUIN. (*starts; recovers.*) Yes, mayor.

GRIFF. (*aside.*) He is an ass. (*spills his snuff.*)

MERIADEC. How did you learn it?

PERQUIN. I caught an inkling from the drunken babble round the table.

MERIADEC. So you shut up shop, and lay down, and slept soundly during her absence?

PERQUIN. I shut up shop, mayor, true; but sleep was not for me—I ran up to the Abbey—

GRIFF. (*aside.*) He'll hang himself with his tongue.

MERIADEC. Oh, you went to the Abbey, too?

PERQUIN. I did start for the Abbey; but, to tell you the truth, I had shipped too much of my own grog—for such a jollification comes but once a-year. And though I thought I was steering to the proper haven, hang me, if I knew where I was till I knocked my head against the rocking-stone by Pont l'Abbe—I fell flat, and did a sleep there—

MERIADEC. Humph!

PERQUIN. The neighbor who picked me up will tell your worship more about it. Where's that Tom?

GRIFF. (*aside.*) That's neat.

MERIADEC. Certainly, if this neighbor you name—

TOM. (*to c.*) That's me, your honor. I fell across him and, first off, I thought he had knocked out his brains agen the rock; but his head is all sound. It was not till I saw him nearly home that we heard the sad news—

PERQUIN. More's the pity I went astray; for if I had been by that poor lieutenant, we two would have given those murdering thieves a bellyful.

MERIADEC. (*confers with MONKTON.*) Call Alice.

[*Exit SQUIRREL, D. F.*]

PERQUIN. (*aside.*) It'll blow over.

Enter ALICE and SQUIRREL, D. F. ALICE is pale and agitated; weeping.

ALICE. Father! (*runs down and embraces PERQUIN.*)

PERQUIN. (*tenderly.*) My poor lass. (*aside*) What an idiot I am to be softened when I most need my head clear.

MERIADEC. (*to ALICE, who sits not far from him.*) Master your emotion, my child; and calmly remember the facts recorded there (*gives paper*) in your testimony, so that there may be no error or omission when you sign it. (*she reads, displaying emotion.*) Is that the expression of the truth?

ALICE. It is exact, sir. (*signs.*)

MERIADEC. (*showing CALEB'S hat.*) Do you identify this hat as the one that you picked up in the Abbey ruins last night?

ALICE. (*sobbing.*) It is the same, sir; but that does not prove that Caleb did the crime. (*to ALL.*) You don't believe him guilty, friends? (*to MERIADEC.*) Nor do you, sir?

MERIADEC. Up to this time, irreproachable, and all at once a cowardly murderer—I do not believe it of the young man; but such grave presumptions accuse him. May your sway over him, influence him to enlighten Justice! It's a holy mission to perform; perhaps it is your love that will save him.

PERQUIN. (*aside.*) Or ruin him. Mind the under-tow Jacques, my only friend.

SQUIRREL, opens R. D., and CALEB enters. *Murmurs of pity.*

MERIADEC. Caleb; last night, a murder was committed within the decaying walls of Penmark Abbey; but, by some miracle, which Providence alone can explain, the sea, that might have borne away every vestige of the misdeed, rejected the corpse which the villains confided to it. Hence, it was found, recognized as that of the lieutenant of the revenue-guard; and the unfortunate being whom public vengeance accuses of the act, is you, Caleb!

ALICE. No, no!

CALEB. I! Heaven is my witness that I am innocent!

MERIADEC. When you prove that, none of your hearers will more rejoice than I. (*after a brief pause*) Up to your being brought here, how was your time bestowed? Were you at the dance? at Perquin's? None saw you there. Where were you? answer! You were in the Abbey Cemetery. (*indicates SQUIRREL*) That lad met you there, and you alleged that you came from the festival, and retraced your steps to catch your hat blown off your head. That hat has been found—but found on the path where an undeniable witness saw the victim borne to the cliff's edge. That witness cannot be considered hostile to you, for it is your sweetheart Alice, who almost paid with her life for the fatality of crossing that bloody path!

CALEB. Sir, I have little knowledge of the world and law; but I have enough common sense to see how bad it looks for me to have been on the scene. I might simply say that I wished to look after my venturesome sweetheart; but I do not use that subterfuge.

GRIFF. (*aside*) Wasting his chances.

CALEB. So much stands black against me that I see, too, that did I free myself, the honor of my name would ransom my body. Mark me. Rather than dwell under shame and scorn—to avoid filling my judges with misgivings, and to shorten a trial wherein all their learning and cunning would be at fault, I shall own—(*general surprise*) not that I struck the unfortunate Belgrip; but that cruel fate set me face to face with the murderer as his victim was dying. After this confession, torn from me by conscience, and sworn, before heaven, to be sincere, deal with me as you will—none shall now know aught more. (*folds his arms.*)

MERIADEC. Asserting yourself a forced accomplice, you refuse to reveal your principal? Do you fancy that your silence will shield your fellows from suspicion, until—

CALEB. (*quickly.*) Let this west wind hold, and before full day, the man whose name is buried here—(*strikes his breast*) will laugh at your keenest chase.

PERQUIN. (*aside.*) He's true metal, and I breathe again.

ALICE. Caleb, in silence I have heard you; and I have hid my tears in order that the sight of them should not trouble your mind; but I did trust, up to the last word, that for your father's fame as well as for my sake, you would defend yourself. What complicity is there

in your meeting the murderer bending over his victim? Your complicity begins and exists in your refusal to expose the red-handed villain. What binds you to him—what duties, what pact, what attachment inspires so huge a sacrifice? (*she seizes and examines his hands.*) Oh, I am sure of your guiltlessness! But you must not convince your sweetheart alone. All the world, neighbors, judges, friends, shipmates—they must see your devotion—must see you are no criminal—must not curse you, insult you at your execution? (*feelingly.*) For my sake, Caleb. For the sake of the girl who has vowed so much love for you, and who, now kneels in appeal—don't drive me to despair! Don't let me die of shame that I have loved you! For your dishonor will be my death! (*rises.*)

GRIFF. (*aside.*) He will give in, yet.

ALICE, (*to PERQUIN, desperately.*) Father, in the name of the affection you have ever shown me, I beg you, for the sake of my lifelong peace and happiness, to join your prayers to mine, that he will not sacrifice his life, but justify himself by revealing this dread secret. (*She has taken PERQUIN'S hands, to draw him toward CALEB, when she suddenly perceives the bite she gave him in the struggle. She releases him, staggers off, muttering to herself*) Oh! unhappy me! the secret will be locked-up forever.

MERIADEC, (*rising, to CALEB.*) This painful scene must close. Since my urging and this poor young creature's entreaties, fail to break a silence which will surely be your ruin—let clearer-witted and more competent judges try to pierce the mystery. By daylight, the prisoner will be taken to Brest. Until then, let that be your place of confinement. Mind, Griffild, no communications with the prisoner.

CALEB is led off, R. D., and shut in.

GRIFF. (*aside to TOM.*) The young man is weakening. We must not wait till Jacques is shown up. I shall induce him to flee by that window. Now, if any one there below had a bullet ready—

TOM. (*aside to GRIFFILD.*) I understand. I will tumble the blabber. (*goes up.*)

(*ALICE goes up with PERQUIN. MERIADEC and MONKTON confer, eyeing PERQUIN. MERIADEC signs to ALICE that she must argue it out with PERQUIN, and she brings him down.*)

MERIADEC, (*to SQUIRREL and GRIFFILD.*) Come with me, gentlemen.

GRIFF. (*aside.*) I'll return, though.

Excunt OMNES, except ALICE and PERQUIN, D. F. While D. F. was open, two PREVENTIVES, as sentries, were discovered.

PERQUIN. Why have you pulled me back, girl?

ALICE. (*forcibly.*) Did you not hear that Caleb will be taken to the gaol of Brest within an hour? You must come and change the mayor's order. (*crosses L., but stops and turns.*) I am going mad! for that is impossible! (*abruptly, going R.*) Can't you help me to free him who was so heroic as to ruin himself for you?

PERQUIN. Would you pit me against the law and justice?

ALICE. Justice? That commands you to save him to the uttermost; for you know he is innocent, you above all men!

PERQUIN. Ha, child!

ALICE. Don't conjure me by that holy title. At this moment I am too distraught to hear your worldly voice. Another, from my conscience, tells me that you should do unto him what he has done for you. Save him, oh, save!

PERQUIN. (*grasps her arm.*) Imprudent girl! On what do you ground such ravings?

ALICE. (*furiously*) On what? On these wounds! (*she seizes PERQUIN's hand, who is enraged.*) Mind! we are not in the lonely midnight Abbey now, and here you dare not strike me down.

PERQUIN. Silence! If you let them catch a word of this—(to c.)

ALICE. My excessive grief sways me between two dreadful alternatives. Between two men whom heaven has bid me love; all my affections centre on the one for whom I need not blush. (c., *he on her left.*) Dreadful this bitter truth; but far more dreadful to know one's father is a murderer.

PERQUIN. (*sees the doors are closed and returns to her; in a low voice.*) Come to the end. I own that I struck Belgrip, to the death! But the preventive is the natural enemy of the free-trader, and it was a question of who should get in the first shot. Now, will you do lovingly what he would have done in professional vengeance? Am I to be dragged to the gibbet by you?

MONKTON. (*enters L. D.*) No! but by me!

PERQUIN. Monkton! (*in angry surprise.*) My curses have blown back in my teeth.

MONKTON. It seems so; for I have heard all the ensanguined story, honest Jacques.

PERQUIN. Were I but armed!

MONKTON. (*shows a brace of pistols.*) I have enough for two.

ALICE. (*throwing off her stupefaction.*) Heavenly Father! 'twas I who wrung the confession from him, and so 'tis I who destroy him. (to MONKTON.) but no, you cannot abuse such a confidence. You would not publish me as the cause of my father's shameful ruin. I shall die of remorse. Oh, tell me that this shall not be.

MONKTON. All I require is that the innocent must not perish in the stead of the blood-imbrued.

PERQUIN. (*aside.*) He does not know me yet! What can I do?

ALICE. (to MONKTON.) But you know Caleb is crime-free, now—spare my father, and help him to flight. I implore this favor.

PERQUIN. (*aside.*) I lie at his mercy, now. (*frowns angrily.*)

MONKTON. (to ALICE.) My heart aches that I must afflict you, child; but I can never haggle with my duty. (ALICE *kneels to him.*)

PERQUIN. (*aside.*) Better to sacrifice the hate that long years should have blunted, than founder in the surge.

MONKTON. Ho, there! (ALICE *clings to his arm as he goes up.* D. F. *opens; one PREVENTIVE comes on, two steps.*) That man is not to pass on any pretext. (*Exit PREVENTIVE.*) Now, to inform the mayor.

PERQUIN. (to ALICE) He will not bend.

MONKTON. (*scornfully.*) He will break thee, villain. (*They exchange a look.*)

PERQUIN. (*sees that D. F. is close.*) Belay there! Lay up your cutting tongue. I have turned this matter over, and I am calm—I'm a-thinking. Let's lose no time. See here: cancel the order you just gave out; set me free, and give me money, and I'll put a long wake between us.

MONKTON. Thou impudent rogue.

PERQUIN. Say, daring, spiteful rogue,—'twere truer. Does Captain Monkton remember when, in 1814, he was bringing home from Boston in the ship *St. Paul's*, his fair young bride?

MONKTON. (*affected.*) My wife, scarce four years wedded? Mistaken man, if you imagine to interest me by arousing the recollection of all that was most dear.

PERQUIN. What if I tell you; nay, assure you, that in the wreck which you believed swallowed all your darlings, wife and daughters—one was saved—your eldest child?

MONKTON. (*quickly, in joy.*) Can this be true?

PERQUIN. If I tell you where she is to be found this day—may I go free?

MONKTON. (*joyfully.*) If you deceived not, and it were in your power to certainly restore that child—come what come may, I would make smooth your flight. (*produces a pocketbook*) and I don't chaffer for my flesh and blood. Here's two thousand pounds to boot.

PERQUIN. (*seizes the pocketbook.*) Done! You have her here! (*goes up.*)

MONKTON. (*amazed.*) Alice, my daughter!

ALICE. You, my father! (*they gradually approach.* PERQUIN *mockingly making the gesture of blessing them.*)

PERQUIN. Look at the likeness in her locket!

MONKTON. (*opens locket at necklace of ALICE.*) It is her mother's—my poor Anna! (*he kisses it.*)

PERQUIN. No good seaman pushes off without weatherguards. So, d'y'e see, I took my shield.

MONKTON. But who are you to have shrouded the rescued waif in mystery?

PERQUIN. Ha! you conceive that the motive must have been no laughing matter that made me scorn the rich reward I might have clutched fifteen years ago. I'll make a clear breast now, and before your daughter, so that I may add to your griefs by causing you to blush before her. (*ALICE moves away.*)

MONKTON. Stay, Alice, this man can only fling in my face some youthful boyish folly. I thought I had fully and bitterly expiated them all; but if heaven means this humiliation as the last drop in my cup, I am ready to endure it.

PERQUIN. Not so! Your manliness touches me. I loved the poor lass; and I will not cause her a jot more pain. Stand back, Alice! (*draws MONKTON front, L. C.*) Hark ye—I am James Perkins—am I known, now? (*MONKTON shakes his head.*) But, I see, the captain does not remember the names of all the toilers at the guns. I served the bow-chaser on the *Ephemerida*—(*MONKTON starts.*) your cruiser—on whose decks you flogged me for some venial fault. I had stayed ashore to see my beloved in Portsmouth, or the like. I forget—but not those lashes! The scars are in my mind—they are ridges on my heart. You treated the man like a dog! and I have gnawed at your bosom like a dog ever since!

MONKTON. I understand your vengeance.

PERQUIN. It taught me patience. I waited for years. At last, you loved and wedded in America—you were a happy father, returning to Old England with your smiling family. I shipped aboard to steer the packet astray. Yonder, in the Bay of Audierne, I cast her bones in broken confusion on the rocks, and laughed, loud as the tempest's shriek, when you trusted your wife and children to the boat I launched. When we went under, boat and all, in the combing

breakers, I snatched one of the infants—the other was inextricably bound to the praying mother's breasts—and ploughed my way to the shore. Here I settled down as a fisherman, and reared that child as my own. Now, Captain Monkton, read on the bars of my back, the notes of thanksgiving music—and bless this night's wild work. But, for it, I might have died with this secret in my breast, and my revenge would have been filled up handsomely, for never would you have folded your daughter close, as now.

MONKTON. (*embracing ALICE.*) I thank heaven for all that it has sent, since the outcome has been this precious revelation. But I have engaged to favor your flight, and I should be less happy, unless I fulfilled my pledge. Take these weapons. (*gives PERQUIN pistols.* PERQUIN *smiles.*) I believe your hate is sated, and I fear you not. Gain my own yacht. (*writes on the leaf of a tablet, tears it out, and gives it to him.*) My lieutenant will receive you. To-morrow sail, and you shall be landed wherever you choose. There may I forgiveness which I grant you, be a blessing, and a better life commend you to the mercy of heaven.

ALICE. Amen! (*quickly.*) But how pass the guards?

PERQUIN. Let them stand fast! (*points to window.*) That's my way.

ALICE. (*to MONKTON.*) But how explain your seeming connivance?

MONKTON. He snatched my pistols, hurled me aside, and leaped upon the balcony—

PERQUIN. Yes! (*goes up, seizes the curtains, and tears them down.*) Thus will I lower myself to the rocks beneath. God bless you, Alice! We shall meet again. Captain, somehow, you've healed the stripes that have smarted so long, and my back stings no more. In half an hour, I shall tread your deck and trust entirely to you. (*gets over balcony, to which he has tied the twisted curtains. A flash seen and shot heard, outside the window; a groan and the thud of a falling body striking the ground.*)

ALICE. Ah! Is that him?

MONKTON. (*up.*) One of the pistols caught the rope, and—we'll soon see.

Enter MERIADEC, L. D., GRIFFILD, D. F.

MERIADEC. (*to GRIFFILD.*) What's that? Was Caleb breaking out?

MONKTON. Not he, but Perquin; and I sought to save him.

MERIADEC. You! What moved this treachery, sir?

MONKTON. The highest motive. My friend, he has restored to me my daughter.

GRIFF. (*aside.*) His daughter!

MERIADEC. (*surprised.*) Alice, yours? But that shot—

GRIFF. Yes, who fired that shot?

Enter TOM and PREVENTIVES, D. F. TOM has a pistol.

TOM. I fired it, mayor. The prisoner was escaping—would not stand, and, bang! I brought him down; and they're bringing in what is left of him.

GRIFF. (*aside, to TOM.*) You're a nice lubber. You've shot Jacques.

TOM. (*aside.*) The devil I did! and I crammed an extra bullet in!

GRIFF. (*aside to TOM.*) Well, it's no harm, if you've only settled him.

PREVENTIVES and VILLAGERS bring on PERQUIN, *dying, on a litter of two guns. They put him in an armchair, L. C.* ALICE evinces sorrow. MONKTON cares for him.

PERQUIN. You've scuttled me, mate, but I bear no malice. Come nearer all, and catch my dying words. Caleb—Caleb is innocent, for killed Belgrip, and the good lad held his tongue because of his love for Alice. And Alice is not my daughter—Alice is—dear lass for all that. Oh! would I had died in the raging storm, on the open sea! Ah! to go like a poisoned rat. (*rises; then falls dead.*)

ALICE. (*kneels beside him.*) Fifteen years my only father. His sufferings blot out the horror of his crime.

R. D. opened. CALEB enters, shakes hands, and is cheered.

power-
make MONKTON. Griffild, every hole and burrow must be stopped up. for in the PREVENTIVES.) Where your brave captain fell, we will build a Patch-house to drive away those smugglers.

TOM. (*to GRIFFILD.*) You're blocked. You'll have to turn honest for a change.

GRIFF. (*aside.*) Hard lines.

MONKTON. Caleb, your innocence is manifest, and your devotion honors you so much that I shall feel proud to call you my son.

ALL. (*cheer. Merry music.*)

PICTURE.

CURTAIN.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

Please notice that nearly all the Comedies, Farces and Comediettas in the following List of "DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS" are very suitable for representation in small Amateur Theatres and on Parlor Stages, as they need but little extrinsic aid from complex scenery or expensive costumes. They have attained their deserved popularity by their droll situations, excellent plots, great humor and brilliant dialogues, no less than by the fact that they are the most perfect in every respect of any edition of plays ever published either in the United States or Europe, whether as regards purity of text, accuracy and fullness of stage directions and scenery, or elegance of typography and clearness of printing.

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The figure following the name of the Play denotes the number of Act. figures in the columns indicate the number of characters—M. male; F. female.


	M.	F.		M.	F.
75. Adrienne, drama, 3 acts.....	7	3	222. Cool as a Cucumber, farce, 1 act....	3	2
231. All that Glitters is not Gold, comic drama, 2 acts.....	6	3	248. Cricket on the Hearth, drama, 3 acts	8	6
308. All on Account of a Bracelet, comedietta, 1 act.....	2	2	107. Cupboard Love, farce, 1 act.....	2	1
114. Anything for a Change, comedy, 1 act	3	3	152. Cupid's Eye-Glass, comedy, 1 act....	1	1
167. Apple Blossoms, comedy, 3 acts....	7	3	52. Cup of Tea, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	1
93. Area Belle, farce, 1 act.....	3	2	148. Out Off with a Shilling, comedietta, 1 act.....	2	1
40. Atchi, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	2	113. Cyril's Success, comedy, 5 acts.....	10	4
89. Aunt Charlotte's Maid, farce, 1 act.	3	3	20. Daddy Gray, drama, 3 acts.....	8	4
258. Aunt Dinah's Pledge, temperance drama, 2 acts.....	6	3	286. Daisy Farm, drama, 4 acts.....	10	4
287. Bachelor's Box (La Petite Hotel), comedietta, 1 act.....	4	1	4. Dandelion's Dodges, farce, 1 act....	4	2
166. Bardell vs. Pickwick, sketch, 1 act.	6	2	22. David Garrick, comedy, 3 acts.....	8	3
310. Barrack Room (The), comedietta, 2a.	6	2	75. Day After the Wedding, farce, 1 act	4	2
41. Beautiful Forever, farce, 1 act.....	2	2	96. Dearest Mamma, comedietta, 1 act....	4	3
141. Bells (The), drama, 3 acts.....	9	3	16. Dearer than Life, drama, 3 acts....	6	5
223. Betsey Baker, farce, 1 act.....	2	2	58. Deborah (Leah), drama, 3 acts....	7	6
67. Birthplace of Podgers, farce, 1 act..	7	3	125. Deerfoot, farce, 1 act.....	5	1
36. Black Sheep, drama, 3 acts.....	7	5	71. Doing for the Best, drama, 2 acts..	5	3
279. Black-Eyed Susan, drama, 2 acts....	14	2	142. Dollars and Cents, comedy, 3 acts..	9	4
296. Black and White, drama, 3 acts....	6	3	204. Drawing Room Car(A), comedy, 1 act	2	1
160. Blow for Blow, drama, 4 acts.....	11	6	21. Dreams, drama, 5 acts.....	6	3
179. Breach of Promise, drama, 2 acts....	5	2	260. Drunkard's Warning, drama, 3 acts	6	3
25. Broken-Hearted Club, comedietta....	4	8	240. Drunkard's Doom (The), drama, 2a, 15	5	3
70. Bonnie Fish Wife, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	263. Drunkard (The), drama, 5 acts....	13	5
261. Bottle (The), drama, 2 acts.....	11	6	186. Duchess de la Valliere, play, 5 acts.	6	4
226. Box and Cox, Romance, 1 act.....	2	1	242. Dumb Belle (The), farce, 1 act.....	4	2
24. Cabman No. 93, farce, 1 act.....	2	2	47. Easy Shaving, farce, 1 act.....	5	2
199. Captain of the Watch, comedietta, 1 act.....	6	2	283. E. C. B. Susan Jane, musical burlesque, 1 act.....	8	1
1. Caste, comedy, 3 acts.....	5	3	202. Eileen Oge, Irish drama, 4 acts....	11	3
175. Cast upon the World, drama, 5 acts..	11	5	315. Electric Love, farce, 1 act.....	1	1
55. Catherine Howard, historical play, 3 acts.....	12	5	297. English Gentleman (An), comedy-drama, 4 acts.....	7	4
65. Caught by the Cuff, farce, 1 act....	4	1	200. Estranged, operetta, 1 act.....	2	1
80. Charming Pair, farce, 1 act.....	4	3	135. Everybody's Friend, comedy, 3 acts	6	5
65. Checkmate, comedy, 2 acts.....	6	5	230. Family Jars, musical farce, 2 acts..	5	2
68. Chevalier de St. George, drama, 3a.	9	3	103. Faust and Marguerite, drama, 3 acts	9	7
219. Chimney Corner (The), domestic drama, 3 acts.....	5	2	9. Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials, interlude, 1 act.....	4	1
76. Chops of the Channel, farce, 1 act..	3	2	128. Female Detective, drama, 3 acts....	11	4
205. Circumstances alter Cases, comic operetta, 1 act.....	1	1	101. Ferande, drama, 3 acts.....	11	10
149. Clouds, comedy, 4 acts.....	8	7	99. Fifth Wheel, comedy, 3 acts.....	10	2
121. Comical Countess, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	262. Fifteen Years of a Drunkard's Life, melodrama, 3 acts.....	13	4
			145. First Love, comedy, 1 act.....	4	1
			102. Foiled, drama, 4 acts.....	9	3
			58. Founded on Facts, farce, 1 act.....	4	2

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.—Continued.

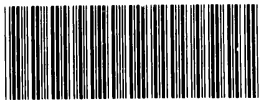
	M. F.		M. F.
259. Fruits of the Wine Cup, drama, 3 acts	6 3	109. Locked in, comedietta, 1 act.....	2 1
192. Game of Cards (A), comedietta, 1a..	3 1	85. Locked in with a Lady, sketch.....	1 1
74. Garrick Fever, farce, 1 act.....	7 4	87. Locked Out, comic scene.....	1 1
53. Gertrude's Money Box, farce, 1 act.	4 2	143. Lodgers and Dodgers, farce, 1 act..	4 2
73. Golden Fetters (Fettered), drama, 3.11	4 4	212. London Assurance, comedy, 5 acts.10	3 3
30. Goose with the Golden Eggs, farce,		291. M. P., comedy, 4 acts.....	7 2
1 act.....	5 3	210. Mabel's Manœuvre, interlude, 1 act	1 3
131. Go to Putney, farce, 1 act.....	4 3	163. Marcoretti, drama, 3 acts.....	10 3
276. Good for Nothing, comic drama, 1a.	5 1	154. Maria and Magdalena, play, 4 acts..	8 6
306. Great Success (A), comedy, 3 acts..	8 5	63. Marriage at any Price, farce, 1 act..	5 3
277. Grimshaw, Bagshaw and Bradshaw,		249. Marriage a Lottery, comedy, 2 acts.	3 4
farce, 1 act.....	4 2	208. Married Bachelors, comedietta, 1a..	3 2
Heir Apparent (The), farce, 1 act.....	5 1	39. Master Jones' Birthday, farce, 1 act	4 2
powe Andy, drama, 2 acts.....	10 3	7. Maud's Peril, drama, 4 acts.....	5 3
make y Pair, comedietta, 1 act.....	1 1	49. Midnight Watch, drama, 1 act.....	8 2
IC. Case (A), farce, 1 act.....	2 1	15. Milky White, drama, 2 acts.....	4 2
for rury Dunbar, drama, 4 acts.....	10 3	46. Miriam's Crime, drama, 3 acts.....	5 2
P. rury the Fifth, hist. play, 5 acts.38	5 5	51. Model of a Wife, farce, 1 act.....	3 2
335. Her Only Fault, comedietta, 1 act..	2 2	302. Model Pair (A), comedy, 1 act.....	2 2
19. He's a Lunatic, farce, 1 act.....	3 2	184. Money, comedy, 5 acts.....	17 3
60. Hidden Hand, drama, 4 acts.....	5 5	250. More Blunders than One, farce, 1a.	4 3
191. High C, comedietta, 1 act.....	3 3	312. More Sinned against than Sinning,	
246. High Life Below Stairs, farce, 2 acts.	9 5	original Irish drama, 4 acts.....	11 1
301. Hinko, romantic drama, 6 acts.....	12 7	234. Morning Call (A), comedietta, 1 act.	1 1
224. His Last Legs, farce, 2 acts.....	5 3	108. Mr. Scroggins, farce, 1 act.....	3 3
187. His Own Enemy, farce, 1 act.....	5 1	188. Mr. X., farce, 1 act.....	3 3
174. Home, comedy, 3 acts..	4 3	169. My Uncle's Suit, farce, 1 act.....	4 1
211. Honesty is the Best Policy, play, 1.	2 2	216. My Neighbor's Wife, farce, 1 act..	3 3
64. Household Fairy, sketch, 1 act....	1 1	236. My Turn Next, farce, 1 act.....	4 3
190. Hunting the Slippers, farce, 1 act..	4 1	193. My Walking Photograph, musical	
197. Hunchback (The), play, 5 acts.....	13 2	duality, 1 act.....	1 1
225. Ici on Parle Français, farce, 1 act..	3 4	267. My Wife's Bonnet, farce, 1 act....	3 4
252. Idiot Witness, melodrama, 3 acts..	6 1	130. My Wife's Diary, farce, 1 act.....	3 1
18. If I had a Thousand a Year, farce, 1	4 3	92. My Wife's Out, farce, 1 act....	2 2
116. I'm not Meself at all, Irish stew, 1a.	3 2	218. Naval Engagements, farce, 2 acts..	4 2
129. In for a Holiday, farce, 1 act.....	2 3	140. Never Reckon your Chickens, etc.,	
159. In the Wrong House, farce, 1 act..	4 2	farce, 1 act.....	3 4
278. Irish Attorney (The), farce, 2 acts..	8 2	115. New Men and Old Acres, comedy, 3	8 5
282. Irish Broom Maker, farce, 1 act....	9 3	2. Nobody's Child, drama, 3 acts.....	18 2
273. Irishman in London, farce, 1 acts..	6 3	57. Noemie, drama, 2 acts.....	4 4
243. Irish Lion (The), farce, 1 act.....	8 3	104. No Name, drama, 5 acts.....	7 5
271. Irish Post (The), drama, 1 act.....	9 3	112. Not a bit Jealous, farce, 1 act..	3 3
244. Irish Tutor (The), farce, 1 act....	5 2	298. Not if I Know it, farce, 1 act.....	4 4
270. Irish Tiger (The), farce, 1 act.....	5 1	185. Not so bad as we Seem, play, 5 acts.13	3 3
274. Irish Widow (The), farce, 2 acts..	7 1	84. Not Guilty, drama, 4 acts.....	10 6
122. Isabella Orsini, drama, 4 acts.....	11 4	117. Not such a Fool as he Looks, drama,	
177. I Shall Invite the Major, comedy, 1	4 1	3 acts.....	5 4
100. Jack Long, drama, 2 acts.....	9 2	171. Nothing like Paste, farce, 1 act...	3 1
299. Joan of Arc, hist. play, 5 acts.....	26 6	14. No Thoroughfare, drama, 5 acts....	13 6
139. Joy is Dangerous, comedy, 2 acts..	3 3	300. Notre Dame, drama, 3 acts.....	11 8
17. Kind to a Fault, comedy, 2 acts....	6 4	269. Object of Interest (An), farce, 1 act.	4 3
233. Kiss in the Dark (A), farce, 1 act..	2 3	268. Obstinate Family (The), farce, 1 act.	3 3
309. Ladies' Battle (The), comedy, 3 acts	7 2	173. Off the Stage, comedietta, 1 act....	3 3
86. Lady of Lyons, play, 5 acts.....	12 5	227. Omnibus (The), farce, 1 act....	5 4
137. L'Article 47, drama, 3 acts.....	11 5	176. On Bread and Water, farce, 1 act..	1 2
72. Lame Excuse, farce, 1 act.....	4 2	254. One Too Many, farce, 1 act.....	4 2
144. Lancashire Lass, melodrama, 4 acts.12	3 3	33. One Too Many for Him, farce, 1 act	2 3
34. Larkins' Love Letters, farce, 1 act..	3 2	3. £100,000, comedy, 3 acts.....	8 4
189. Leap Year, musical duality, 1 act...1	1 1	90. Only a Haltpenny, farce, 1 act....	2 2
253. Lend Me Five Shillings, farce, 1 act	5 3	170. Only Somebody, farce, 1 act.....	4 2
111. Liar (The), comedy, 2 acts.....	7 2	289. On the Jury, drama, 4 acts.....	5 5
119. Life Chase, drama, 5 acts.....	14 5	97. Orange Blossoms, comedietta, 1 act	3 3
239. Limerick Boy (The), farce, 1 act....	5 2	66. Orange Girl, drama, 4 acts.....	18 4
48. Little Annie's Birthday, farce, 1 act.	2 4	209. Othello, tragedy, 5 acts.....	16 2
32. Little Rebel, farce, 1 act.....	4 3	172. Ours, comedy, 3 acts.....	6 3
164. Little Ruby, drama, 3 acts.....	6 6	94. Our Clerks, farce, 1 act.....	7 5
295. Little Em'ly, drama, 4 acts.....	8 8	45. Our Domestic, comedy-farce, 2 acts	6 6
165. Living Statue (The), farce, 1 act....	3 2	155. Our Heroes, military play, 5 acts..	24 5
228. Loan of a Lover (The), vaudeville, 1.	4 1	178. Out at Sea, drama, 5 acts.....	17 5

DE WITT'S ETHIOPIAN AND COMIC DRAMA.—Continued.

	M.	F.		M.	F.
33. Jealous Husband, sketch.....	2	1	81. Rival Artists, sketch, 1 scene.....	4	
94. Julius the Snoozer, burlesque, 3 sc.	6	1	26. Rival Tenants, sketch.....	4	
103. Katrina's Little Game, Dutch act, 1 scene.....	1	1	138. Rival Barbers' Shops (The), Ethio- pian farce, 1 scene.....	6	1
1. Last of the Mohicans, sketch.....	3	1	15. Sam's Courtship, farce, 1 act.....	2	1
36. Laughing Gas, sketch, 1 scene.....	6	1	59. Sausage Makers, sketch, 2 scenes....	5	1
18. Live Fuzun, sketch, 4 scenes.....	4	1	21. Scampini, pantomime, 2 scenes.....	3	3
60. Lost Will, sketch.....	4		80. Scenes on the Mississippi, sketch, 2 scenes.....	6	
37. Lucky Job, farce, 2 scenes.....	3	2	84. Serenade (The), sketch, 2 scenes....	7	
90. Lunatic (The), farce, 1 scene.....	3		38. Siamese Twins, sketch, 2 scenes....	5	
19. Malicious Trespass, sketch, 1 scene.	3		74. Sleep Walker, sketch, 2 scenes.....	3	
149. Meriky, Ethiopian farce, 1 scene....	3	1	46. Slippery Day, sketch, 1 scene.....		
151. Micky Free, Irish sketch, 1 scene.,	5		69. Squire for a Day, sketch.....		
96. Midnight Intruder, farce, 1 scene .	6	1	56. Stage-struck Couple, interlude,		
147. Milliner's Shop (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2	2	72. Stranger, burlesque, 1 scene.....		
129. Moko Marionettes, Ethiopian eccen- tricity, 2 scenes	4	5	13. Streets of New York, sketch, 1 sc..		
101. Molly Moriarty, Irish musical sketch, 1 scene	1	1	16. Storming the Fort, sketch, 1 scene.		
117. Motor Bellows, comedy, 1 act.....	4		7. Stupid Servant, sketch, 1 scene.....	2	
44. Musical Servant, sketch, 1 scene....	3		121. Stocks Up! Stocks Down! Negro duologue, 1 scene.....	2	
8. Mutton Trial, sketch, 2 scenes . . .	4		47. Take It, Don't Take It, sketch, 1 sc.	2	
119. My Wife's Visitors, comic drama, 1 sc.	6	1	54. Them Papers, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
49. Night in a Strange Hotel, sketch, 1 sc.	2		100. Three Chiefs (The), sketch, 1 scene.	6	
132. Noble Savage, Ethi'n sketch, 1 sc..	4		102. Three A. M., sketch, 2 scenes....	3	1
145. No Pay No Cure, Ethi'n sketch, 1 sc.	5		34. Three Strings to one Bow, sketch, 1 scene	4	1
22. Obeying Orders, sketch, 1 scene....	2	1	122. Ticket Taker, Ethi'n farce, 1 scene.	3	
27. 100th Night of Hamlet, sketch.....	7	1	2. Tricks, sketch.....	5	2
125. Oh, Hush! operatic olio.....	4	1	104. Two Awfuls (The), sketch, 1 scene....	5	
30. One Night in a Bar Room, sketch..	7		5. Two Black Roses, sketch.....	4	1
114. One Night in a Medical College, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	7	1	28. Uncle Eph's Dream, sketch, 2 sc..	3	1
76. One, Two, Three, sketch, 1 scene.	7		134. Unlimited Cheek, sketch, 1 scene....	4	1
91. Painter's Apprentice, farce, 1 scene.	5		62. Vinegar Bitters, sketch, 1 scene....	6	1
87. Pete and the Peddler, Negro and Irish sketch, 1 scene.....	2	1	32. Wake up, William Henry, sketch....	3	
135. Pleasant Companions, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene	5	1	39. Wanted, a Nurse, sketch, 1 scene....	4	
92. Polar Bear (The), farce, 1 scene....	4	1	75. Weston, the Walkist, Dutch sketch, 1 scene.....	7	1
9. Policy Players, sketch, 1 scene.....	7		93. What shall I Take? sketch, 1 scene.	7	1
57. Pompey's Patients, interlude, 2 sc..	6		29. Who Died First? sketch, 1 scene....	3	1
65. Porter's Troubles, sketch, 1 scene..	6	1	97. Who's the Actor? farce, 1 scene....	4	
66. Port Wine vs. Jealousy, sketch.....	2	1	137. Whose Baby is it? Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2	1
115. Private Boarding, comedy, 1 scene.	2	3	143. Wonderful Telephone (The), Ethio- pian sketch, 1 scene.....	4	1
14. Re-erniting Office, sketch, 1 act.....	5		99. Wrong Woman in the Right Place, sketch, 2 scenes	2	2
105. Rehearsal (The), Irish farce, 2 sc..	3	1	85. Young Scamp, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
45. Remittance from Home, sketch, 1 sc.	6		116. Zacharias' Funeral, farce, 1 scene..	5	
55. Rigging a Purchase, sketch, 1 sc... 3					

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